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# The New York POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING  
ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING JOURNAL  
IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE DEVIL AMONG THE QUAKERS.

A FRESH ILLUSTRATION OF THE OLD APHORISM BY THE GAY AND FESTIVE TREASURER OF PHILADELPHIA'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



RICHARD K. FOX, — — Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

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Franklin Square, New York.

Beware of imitations. The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by Richard K. Fox.

SIMPSON, the pawnbroker, has set up a new motto—*In hock signo vices*.

THE Turkish mails have been robbed of \$40,000. Pshaw! A sum like that would make one of our own Star-routers sick.

THE Grand Duke of Hesse is no longer the proprietor of a Kole mine. They are divorced on the ground of mutual disinclination.

OUR foreman wants to know, you know, if the McCaffrey-Mitchell Match was a three M brace. The slugs, at all events, showed up bravely.

A CLEVER and pious clergyman has made the important discovery that Cain and Abel were the very first pair of undressed kids ever seen.

AN aristocratic Philadelphia belle wouldn't go to Pittsburg because she heard the river was low. She was too high-toned to like anything low.

NED GILMORE indignantly denies that Nib Jo's Garden will hereafter be known as a super-kitchen, as a consequence of being given over to spectacle.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what is the best "blower" for practical use. Has he ever tried a Reform candidate for Alderman or the advance agent of a circus?

THERE are evidently some Irishmen high up in command in the German army. Hereafter, suicide among German soldiers is to be punished by death. Capital punishment for suicide is a capital joke.

LARGE checks will be fashionable for wraps this winter." The more fashionable the wrap, the larger the check that pays for it. No woman in society dares to admit she isn't worth a wrap, nowadays.

"THE oldest and largest tree in the world is a chestnut near Mount Etna?" Bosh! If you want to find a wood full of the oldest and toughest chestnuts that ever existed, spend an afternoon on the Rialto.

A DETROIT newspaper speaks with great astonishment of sharks swimming with their heads off. Pshaw! That's nothing. Lots of men lose their heads when they go in swimming—and survive it, too.

A BOLD, bad man broke into the property-room of the Star theatre the other night and stole sixteen pairs of tights. Hereafter Imre Kiraly will, with great propriety, protect his ballet girls' fleshings with a padlock.

TABOR, ex-Senator and owner of \$500 night-shirts, is dead broke. He isn't worth more than a quarter of a million—which, among bonanza folks, is downright poverty. He, too, has found that great wealth is a mere chemu-ra.

CAPT. FOSTER, of the Ashley House, says that the "Well Fed Dora" were fed so well at his house that they went off without settling the score. He followed the outfit to Peoria and assisted for one evening at the receipt of customs.

THE sympathy of a large circle of friends, both in and out of the profession, goes out to genial John Holmes, proprietor of the Standard Museum, Brooklyn, in the severe bereavement which he has sustained in the recent death of his wife. The latter was an estimable lady, possessed of many excellent qualities, and highly regarded by all who knew her.

JERSEY Justice is getting to be a good deal of a fraud. The outrages perpetrated by the various bridge gangs of the smoky, muddy, generally objectionable little municipality across the Hudson are getting to be altogether too numerous.

THE burgess of Worcester, Mass., prohibited a performance on the local stage of "Peck's Bad Boy." A sillier, more vulgar and more thoroughly objectionable piece of rubbish was never dramatized. Level is the head of the Worcester burgess.

ADAM FOREPAUGH is no longer a bachelor quadruped. He has given one of his four paws in marriage to a beautiful young girl named Tallman. Let us hope that this matrimonial step of Adam's won't turn out a *faux pas* before the year is out.

THE Methodists are denouncing St. John. It is more than likely that St. John has threatened to issue another volume of his *Revelations*—this time at the expense of the Methodists, who seem to take less kindly to being revealed than any other sect on top of this earth.

JENNY LIND announces that she intends to pay the United States a farewell visit. She will be terribly disappointed to find that her dear old friend, George Washington, has been dead and buried nearly one hundred years ago. And yet Jenny is a mere spring chicken alongside of Ristori.

IF you can find a paper published that will give you as much for your money as the POLICE GAZETTE, send us on a sample copy. Why, our picture of the McCaffrey-Mitchell glove fight, with the accompanying letter-press, gives as much idea of the show for ten cents as the spectators got for two dollars. And more, too.

GEN. GORDON has shown such skill and gallantry at Khartoum, that, if he comes to America, he will not hesitate to accept a situation as baseball umpire or referee at a glove-fight. There are very few men who could fill these positions equally well with the hero of the Soudan.

JOHN SLEEPER CLARK has taken possession once more of his theatre, the Walnut Street. He complained that he was being swindled by his tenants. He is a brother-in-law of Edwin Booth, and like every other member of that gifted family, though he may be Sleeper by name, is undoubtedly wide awake always and everywhere, to his own interests.

QUEER—isn't it? President Kernochan, of the Belair Woolen Manufactory of Pittsfield, Mass., accidentally shot himself the other day, and died. Now, the Belair Woolen Manufacturing Company goes up the flume for \$250,000—assets nominal. The "accident" seems to have been one into which a coroner could have looked with some advantage—if the surviving relatives had not been rich swells.

IT is said that an applicant for the vacancy in the State Board of Fish Commissioners based his qualifications for the position on the fact that he sold salt mackerel and codfish for fifteen years. He was certainly more familiar with the duties of the office than the average member of a board of fish commissioners.

A BALTIMORE preacher has been bounced for attending a circus. He quoted in vain the undeniable fact that Daniel, the prophet, had been a lion-tamer, that Jehu was a professional driver and that Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego did a triple fire-king act to oblige Nebuchadnezzar. Probably the congregation of the Baltimore dominie preferred making a holy show of themselves in opposition to the tented article.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS is said to be the author of this charming little poem. He wrote it while taking a Champion's Rest:

There was a bloody sparrow  
Went up a bloody spout;  
There came a bloody thunder shower  
And washed the sparrow out.  
There came a bloody calm  
After the bloody rain,  
And then the bloody sparrow  
Went up the bleeding spout again.

As a showman, Sitting Bull has struck the American combination. Scorning to work the old rackets of having his diamonds stolen, or marrying a foreign princess, or falling from a six-story window, he nevertheless accomplishes the same end by having him. If shot at by a man whose pistol misses fire, The dramatic profession is rich in great minds of the ingénios turn, and welcomes this s' y old pioneer to its fond embrace. When he has made a bag of money out of the show busin ss he can afford to buy some more guns and go back to his time-tried occupation of killing off pale-face women and children.

### PLUCK WILL TELL.

A Female Store-Keeper and Her Clerk Put a Gang of Footpads to Flight.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A desperate attempt at highway robbery by four masked footpads was frustrated by the courage of Mrs. Willard F. Tompkins, whose husband is the proprietor of a large grocery store at Spring and Sullivan streets.

On Saturday night his wife was alone in the store with August Wehrmann, one of the clerks. The day's business had been good, and when Mrs. Tompkins counted up the cash preparatory to closing the store she found she had nearly \$1,100 in bills and silver. This she tied up in a bundle and placed it in a stout paper bag in which to carry it home. She had scarcely done so when a rough-looking man entered the store and laying a quarter on the counter asked for change. Mrs. Tompkins told him that she had no small change, and he went out. She remembers that while he was talking to her he closely eyed the bag in which she had just finished packing the money. Not liking the fellow's looks, she followed him to the door and saw him cross to the opposite corner, where he was joined by three hard-looking characters.

By this time it was a few minutes past midnight. The shutters were already up, and after packing six pounds of grapes in a bag to take to her husband Mrs. Tompkins locked the door and started for home. Wehrmann walked beside her, carrying the bag of money in his right hand and the bag of grapes in the other. The four men had disappeared from the corner, and Mrs. Tompkins and her escort walked up Macdougal street without molestation as far as the corner of Vandam. A grocery wagon stood on the corner, and as the pair passed four dark figures sprang from behind it and grappled with them. Two of the fellows seized Wehrmann, while the others sprang at Mrs. Tompkins.

The clerk is an athletic young German and would have given a good account of himself had not both his hands been engaged. As it was, he was helpless and was on the point of being overpowered. The bag had already been wrested from his grasp; in another moment he would have lost the other, when Mrs. Tompkins managed to shake off her two assailants and came to the rescue. Wehrmann handed her the remaining bag and, relieved of his incumbencies, dashed at the robbers, striking out right and left. To such good purpose did he use his fists that one of the fellows was quickly knocked sprawling in the gutter and the other three, not relishing such a warm reception and dreading that Mrs. Tompkins' cries of "Police" would summon assistance, turned and fled carrying the bag with them.

Before Wehrmann could secure the fellow who had been knocked down he regained his feet and scampered off after his comrades. Their disgust must have been boundless when they opened the bag and found that their plunder consisted of six pounds of grapes.

### STARVING WITH HER BABES.

William W. Hatch is a sailor. When on shore he makes Hallowell, Maine, his home. He has a wife, and had three little children. Some few months ago Mr. Hatch departed on a long voyage. Before he started he made arrangements, as he and his wife supposed, for a certain groceryman to furnish provisions for his family while he was away, the amount thus furnished to be settled for when he arrived home. This the groceryman did for a time, but at short time since for some reason he stopped and refused to furnish any more provisions. The sailor's wife struggled along as best she could, but was unable to do work outside of her home. The youngest child was a babe of a few months. Day by day the necessities of life became less and less in her cupboard. One day passed without food sufficient to nourish her and the three children. Then another and another, until finally the babe died in its mother's arms—"starved to death," says a reputable physician of the city—and another child lay almost dead, while the mother and oldest child were in a sad condition. The death of the child became known and soon willing hands and generous purses supplied the wants of the living. Mrs. Hatch did not apply to the overseers of the poor, for fear she would be taken to the town farm, and she was too proud to beg, preferring to literally starve to death. Altogether it is a sad case. The people of Hallowell would never have allowed such a thing, had they known it, but they knew it not.

Exactly opposite the house where Mrs. Hatch lay starving to death old Mrs. McGee died under circumstances so surprising that a coroner sent a jury to sift out, if possible, what the cause of her death might be. After an extended hearing the jury came to this conclusion, that Mrs. Caroline F. McGee came to her death Oct. 9, between the hours of 12 midnight and 6 A. M. in consequence of physical disability and exhaustion induced by disease, hunger, and intoxication, and that Michael McGee was unmindful of the condition of his wife in consequence of his gross intoxication. On the same day, five miles away, was enacted the terrible tragedy by which Thomas F. Mullay lost his life at the hands of an infuriated rumseller. What a record for one day for a country village in a prohibition State!

### THE ADVENTURES OF A TOUGH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The last page of this week's POLICE GAZETTE graphically illustrates the adventures, for one day, of one of the Thugs whom the press of New York, led by the GAZETTE, is trying to "knock out." The tough is represented at his favorite amusements. His portrait in the Morgue would be an admirable finish to the series of pictures.

### SUICIDE OF A WEALTHY LADY.

While a train on the Northeastern Railroad was crossing Lake Ponchartrain, La., on Oct. 12, Mrs. Louise Smith Mallory deliberately committed suicide by climbing through the window of a sleeping-car and dropping into the lake. Her body was not recovered. She was the wife of Charles Mallory, whose father is senior partner in the Mallory Steamship Company.

### A MILLIONAIRE MURDERED.

W. W. Payne, the millionaire cattle dealer, was foully murdered by Mark Parkinson, a cowboy, at Deer Trail, Col., on Oct. 15. They had a dispute about a debt. Parkinson suddenly drew a revolver, and Payne fell dead in the presence of his wife and children.

### FLASHES OF FUN.

Specimens of Wit and Humor Culled From Many Sources.

A BOSTON firm advertises "shoes for elopements." They don't squeak.

A DUEL is the quickest kind of encounter, because it takes only two seconds.

CITIZENS who object to the White House being painted red will vote for St. John.

ANY young man is made better by a sister's love. The love of another fellow's sister will do.

JENNIE: "What is a dude?" "Well, a dude is a dilly-cent man in a fifty-dollar suit of clothes."

INSURANCE official: "Of what complaint did your father die?" Applicant: "The jury found him guilty."

IT is one of the curiosities of natural history that a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

THE family tree of a Texas family shows a branch on which several members have been hung for borrowing horses.

A MAN advertises for "a plain girl to cook." He probably was afraid he would be hanged if he cooked a pretty girl.

DON'T blow, my son, for the greatest blowers are those who accomplish the least. An exception may probably be made, however, in case of the idiot who blows down the muzzle of a gun. He usually accomplishes something.

THEY were expecting the minister to dinner. "Is everything ready, my dear?" asked the head of the house. "Yes, he can come now as soon as he likes." "Have you dusted the family bible?" "Good gracious! I forgot that."

"HALLO," said a policeman, "what are you sitting out here in the cold for? Why don't you go in the house? Have you lost the key?" "No," responded the disconsolate citizen, "I—h—haven't lost the key. I've—h—lost the key hole."

A COMMON brick, if very dry, will absorb a quart of water. The perfect brick of the human variety, however, although he is always very dry, wouldn't absorb a quart of water in a year's drinking. If he is seen the superiority of mind over matter.

A YOUNG man afflicted with a horrible stuttering, entered the shop of a druggist who had just returned from a political parade. "I wa-wa-want," says he, "some i-p-p-p-pills of i-p-i-p-i-p—" "Hurrrah," cried the enthusiastic dispenser of drugs, "i-p-i-p-i-p, Lurrrah."

"I'd like you to help me a little," said a tramp, poking his head into a country store. "Why don't you help yourself?" said the proprietor, angrily. "Thank you, I will," said the tramp, as he picked up a bottle of whisky and two loaves of bread and disappeared.

A MAN down in Florida was told that if he made asafetida in his room it would drive out the mosquitoes. He tried it and says he didn't stop to see, but he doesn't believe the skeeters are cussed fools enough to stay in the room. He is looking for the recommender of the remedy.

THE touching sentiment, "Our first in Heaven," appeared after an obituary notice in a Philadelphia paper, and the father of the child came into the office raging mad. It was the third death in the family, and he desired to know of the clerk where he supposed the other two had gone.

Gay the candidate  
Skecheth the bar,  
Where thirsty citizens  
Throng from afar,  
Singing, "In search of thee  
Hither we come,  
Candidate, candidate,  
Set up the rum."

"As a people," remarked the auctioneer, "we think a great deal of the family bible. Everywhere I go every piece of furniture may be battered and spoilt, but in the midst of the ruin the family bible is up in the corner looking as nice as when purchased forty years ago. I tell you people revere that book—at a distance."

"HORRIBLY dry work, speechifying in this weather," said a great orator last week to an humble but gushing admirer. "Dry!" returned the satirist, wishing to overflow with wit. "It oughn't to be dry, for I've been drinking in every word you've uttered." "Ah, indeed!" replied the great one. "Then I suppose you've been making a draught of my speech."

Two ladies were conversing about the late war. One said: "It is too bad that Jeff Davis is disfranchised." "Disfranchised," the other remarked; "I did not know it: how long has he been disfranchised?" "Why, ever since the war." The other lady, musingly: "Well, now, I don't see how that can be; I am sure that Mrs. Davis has had one or two children since the war."

"SWEET violets, sweeter than all the roses"—The voice of the singer was loud and clear As it trilled the words above,  
And they floated out on the soft night air Like down from the breast of a dove.

A sickening thud got mixed with the song, And the singer passed in her cheek; As through the transom a coal-hod slid And lit on her snowy neck.

A MAN entered a store the other day and began to warble "Sweet Violets." What the dickens are you making that racket here for? cried the proprietor, piecing up a club and advancing threateningly toward the singer. "Why, I see in your window some goods labeled 'Going for a Song,' and 'Sweet Violets' is the only song I know." He was permitted to depart uninjured.

SAID an old woman to her seat partner, on hearing a moribund topic suggested: "I've been to see our family burying-ground. We've been fixing it up fine—pulling down new turl, making a stur an' iron fence, and gettin' a monument set. There ain't only one body buried in it yet, but there's room for the hull family. Betty can't last much longer. Dan's got Bright's disease an' I'm gettin' pretty well along in life," and she rightened up considerably at the prospect that the burial plot would not long be useless.

## DRAMATIC DOINGS.

## Chestnut Kirk's Pathetic and Tear-Compelling Revival and Other Theatrical Gossip.

## "CHESTNUT KIRK."

Never since its completion has the Grand Opera House been so packed by such an eager and enthusiastic audience as it was on the night when the celebrated and historic play, now known, out of deference to its extreme age, as "Chestnut Kirk," was reproduced. Years and years ago this piece was known as "Hazel Kirke," and, so runs tradition, was extremely popular among the theatre-goers of the early part of last century.

The twenty thousandth performance of "Chestnut Kirk," as given two weeks ago by the survivors of the original cast, was an event which none who saw it will ever be likely to forget.

Long before the curtain rose the beautiful interior of the Grand Opera House was overflowing with some of the most ancient members of the oldest families in town. A conspicuous delegation from the Old Ladies' Home, attended by several nurses and equipped with powerful ear-trumpets and *torgnettes*, represented the gay and sparkling maidens who long, long ago had sealed their virgin judgment on the drama when it



was originally produced at the Madison Square theatre.

The orchestra chairs were occupied by paralytic septuagenarians, old gentlemen in the last stage of senile decay, lean and slumped pantaloons, and other relics of a vanished past.

Great interest was aroused by the entrance into a proscenium-box of the Original Purchaser of the First-Ticket-to-Hazel-Kirk. He was carried to his seat by two of the ushers, and was attended by his family physician. A good deal of natural solicitude was expressed lest the exciting and harrowing nature of the play, accentuated by the circumstances of its revival, should prove too much for his venerable and susceptible constitution. Luckily he turned out to be as tough as the piece itself.

With rare sense of propriety, the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne" as an overture, and then the curtain rose upon the first act.



The entrance upon the scene of Mr. De Wolf Hopper as Pitifulus Greene was greeted by an outbreak of shrill and sibilant applause. Ancient beans and toothless dames, recalling him as he looked when the play was young, feebly waved their handkerchiefs and mumbled their delight. After the first expression of good-will had passed away, it gave place to a feeling of general regret that so fearful a change had come over the unfortunate actor. The unmistakable imbecility of his part, the vacuous smile, the watery eye, the stammering utterance, were only to be reconciled

with the theory that 20,000 repetitions of the idiotic lines assigned as humor to the hapless comedian had proved fatal to his once-powerful intellect.

When *Hazel* tottered on the stage, there was a moment's significant silence. The audience, mentally recalling the bright and vivacious Effie Ellsler, were not prepared for the apparition which challenged their scrutiny. The dainty young girl, with her round cheeks, her ringing voice and her elastic step had vanished into the limbo of the irrevocable past. Instead there was a slender, bony, spectacled shrew, who had only too plainly outgrown the garments of the period in which she first appeared as Mr. Mackaye's o'er virtuous heroine. Lank, cork-screw curls dangled from beneath her hat, her nose and chin gave



signs of by-and-by coming to a sharp encounter, and she leaned, in true spinster fashion, upon a green and bulging gingham umbrella.

It was hard, very hard, to recognize *Hazel Kirk* in this antiquated personage; but when her identity was established the aged folk in the auditorium greeted her as heartily as they could.

The kind-hearted and self-sacrificing *Squire*, Aaron Rodney, had undergone an even greater transformation. Instead of mellowing with age, he had grown crabbed and sour and, with his vinegarish aspect, his



sunken cheeks, his quavering voice, his baleful frown and his all-too-large apparel, presented a distressing picture of senile and insensate malevolence rather than of generous and noble benignity.

*Lord Travers*, represented by Mr. Eben Plympton, showed, even more plainly than did *Hazel* herself, the ravages of time and its accompanying decay. His person had grown portly to the point of being actually obese. His once dainty beard was coarse, wiry and grizzled, and, worst and most unromantic of all, he had developed such a horrible gouty tendency



in both feet that he could not put them to the ground, but remained sitting in an arm-chair the whole time he was "on" in each scene.

In spite of the appalling havoc of exhaustion and physical decay, only too visible in the case of Mr. Coulcock, he was instantly recognized as three sturdy



carpenters wheeled him on in his chair to utter his historic curse. The old veteran's thin and piping tones were heard with great difficulty, whereas the voice of the prompter was only too audible, but his aged compeers knew it was *Dundan* in his great act and rattled their dry bones in enthusiastic approval and congratulation.

At the end of the play, which, out of consideration for the age of the actors and of most of the audience, had been cut down to three-quarters of an hour's duration, shrill cries were uttered for the author.

A portly gentleman, with long hair, a somewhat Hebrew cast of countenance, and fairly coruscating with jewelry, came on and bowed his acknowledgments of the compliment and was with difficulty recognized as Mr. Steele Mackaye. A gentleman in the audience, who knows Mr. Mackaye, said that the latter had accumulated no less a fortune than \$3,000,000 by his royalties on "Hazel Kirke" and like innocuous plays.

Our informant adds that this statement was to be taken with a copper—whatever that original and amusing phrase may signify.

"Joe Polk is going to resume starring in two weeks." Don't, Joseph, don't—on our account.

*Jumbona Aber's* has gone on the road, backed by her adopted "pa." She travels in sections.

*Margaret Mather* will soon retire from theatrical aspirations—if her head be as level as 'tis said to be.

*Little J. H. Ryley* has not been engaged to do the talking walrus or Russian dog-faced man in the dime museums.

*John Stetson* has had a spell of sickness. He spelled it illiusness. Yet it had no connection with his financial condition.

A musician named *Brizi* has just died in San Francisco. Being a blower in name he was no doubt a cornetist in fact.

*Gawge Fortescue*, with his loathsome "Well Fed Dora," still keeps on the road. How he does it is a wonder—but all the same he does.

*Mary Anderson* is actually getting guyed in London. They call her *Mariollette Anderson*. Her second engagement is a clear fizz.

*Sophie Eyre* and *Rose Coghlan* appeared together in Chicago lately. The contrast is said, by those who saw it, to have been more than painful.

It seems that the "Distrust" company went to pieces in a free fight. Two of the "actors" fell upon the treasurer and beat him savagely until he disbursed \$190.

*Aimee* has made a hit in "Mam'zelle," and it's a good deal easier than usual, therefore, to lie for *Sammy Grau* and say that he is making money with her.

There is a young lady by the name of *Dizzy* Serious performing in the queer, not to say "quibsy" farce, "Vacation," at present infesting *Tony Pastor's* theatre.

*McCullough* says that he knocked Joe Brooks out because he drew a check for \$1,500 when told to draw one for \$1,000. Not much insanity about that, eh?

*Tom Keene* is playing to wonderful business wherever he goes this season. A good deal of his success is due to the skill and energy of his manager, *Billy Hayden*.

*Fred. Marsden* was nearly drowned on Lake George the other day. Luckily he was rescued in time to save a very good fellow and clever writer to the American stage.

The "Rag Baby" was an immense hit when produced at the Park theatre in Brooklyn, and the genial *Sinn*—he is really genial, nowadays—was correspondingly delighted.

Don't the women of his company just hate *Johnny Russell*! He makes the dudes who want to send them bouquets and "floral trophies" leave their gifts at the box office.

*McKee Rankin* singing and dancing at his own theatre in a variety sketch supported by *Frank Mordaunt* and a lot of "hamfatters!" *Jimmy Crimbs!* but isn't this a let down!

*Steele Mackaye* has not been waited upon as yet by the steward of the *Lambs' Club*. The latter says that he intends to stay proceedings until the last "pupil" has been gathered in.

*Ed. Zimmerman*, one of the "men who know it all," has been badly left by his "Little Primrose"

speculation. *Edward* is a pretty smart sort of a fellow, but he isn't exactly an encyclopedia.

The many admirers of Mr. *Osmond Tearie* are making him proud and happy by publishing full particulars of the birth of his latest offspring, with affidavits of the weight, etc., thrown in.

*Albert Eaves* publicly declares that he finds a great deal of trouble in collecting money. As *Albert Eaves* deals exclusively with theatrical people, there isn't anything strange in his statement.

*Lord! Lord!* So the *Florences* are still alive and still playing! At least we see it announced that two elderly persons of that name have come to grief in a play called "Our Foreign Friend."

One of the most beautiful sights in the world is the calm, philosophic indifference with which *Jim Collier* sits and listens to *Bellyache Barnes* and *Donnamurra* squabble over the authorship of "The Artist's Daughter."

*Fred. Wren*, one of the authors of "Distrust," has sufficiently recovered from his just apprehension of popular rage to return to the stage again. His tears were well-founded, but he says he will never write another play.

*Kate Pattison*, the young woman of whom *Emily Faithful* was so strangely and suspiciously jealous, is out of an engagement in London. If *Ella Werner* or *Alma Stanley* only knew it, they'd have her out here in no time.

"Cliff" *Taylour* says that *Al Fulton*, of the *Baltimore Americans*, is a brave man and will tell the truth. *Al Fulton* says that *Cliff Taylour* is a cowardly scoundrel. The net result is a trifle embarrassing to *Taylour*.

*Eily Coghlan*, the beautiful sister of the enchanting but middle-aged *Rose*, is playing small parts with *Lotta*. This seems quite an unfortunate ending for the career of a young lady who was so brilliantly married only a little while ago.

They do say that *Brother Jonah P. Smith*, manager for young *Southern*, is rather disgusted with forty-dollar-a-night houses, and talks of "coming in." *Jonah* must have dropped the greater part of his "Wanted a Partner" warnings.

*Bertha Welby*, poor, dear old girl, has succumbed to the inevitable, and retired from the stage—for the present. At her age and in her infirm condition it was justly feared by her friends that it might prove fatal to her to go on.

A new feature at the Chicago dime museums is a public weeping with ring, license and clergyman provided at the expense of the management. A lawful marriage is such a curiosity in Chicago that the scheme goes like wild-fire.

Great gosh! But here's another of 'em! Who but an actor of the modern school would call himself *Cryptic Palomini*! And yet here's a fellow advertising for a situation as a low comedian who is rash enough to be the such an appellation round his neck.

*Ed. Davies*, the great ventriloquist, has been very ill in *Adelaide*, New South Wales, but has recovered. He says that *Jeffreys-Lewis* only failed in "The Planter's Wife." In "La Belle Russe" she made a great hit and a good deal of money.

*Rose Coghlan* is furious over the immense popularity already achieved by *Sophie Eyre*. The fact that she will shortly be eligible, through conditions of age and physique, to share "old women" parts with *Mme. Pouli*, ought to be a great consolation to her.

The all-absorbing question on the carpet in San Francisco at present, is whether or not *George M. Cipriano* was ever a barber. *George M. Cipriano* says he never was—and everybody else declares he used to be. It is a close shave—for *George M.*'s reputation for veracity.

*Mark Tapley Rice* is going to Australia next season under the management of *Jimmy Williamson*. As the chances are good for *Mark Tapley's* being badly "left" by the Australian public, he feels correspondingly happy—as he always does when he's in bad luck.

Several companies are advertising for treasurers with small capitals. The capital is bound to grow beautifully less before the treasurers see the profits. A treasurer relieved in this manner of his small capitals usually expresses his feelings afterward in full-face italic.

Respectfully referred to Joseph Arthur Esq., as names for his "Play-Plot" at the Third Avenue theatre—"Rot," "Slush," "Rubbish," "Garbage," "Nonsense," "Humbug," "A Skin," "A Fraud," "Nix," "N. G." Mr. Arthur will please make his choice and send his \$1,000 to this office.

Somebody will have to sit down on *Joe Hatton*, and squash him. He is by long odds the most conceited and tiresome variety of Englishman who ever came to this country. If *Irving* must carry a literary body servant round with him, let him engage a valet who will keep his mouth shut.

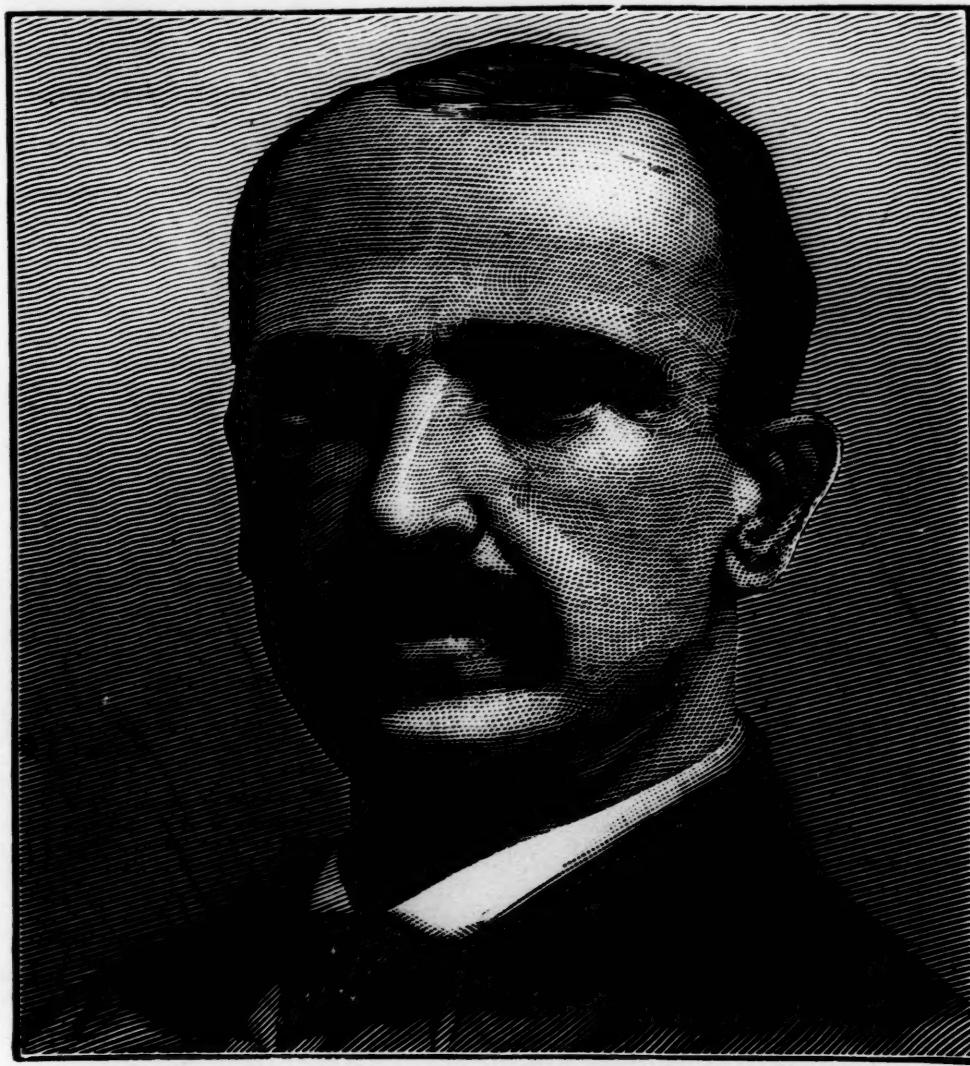
The Lee Avenue Academy of Music is now the leading theatre in the Eastern District of Brooklyn. Brother *Berger*'s excellent management and liberality have brought it to the fore with a bound. The production of "Sheba," at the Lee Avenue Academy, was an immense success.

Was there ever such gall, such pure, sublimated quintessence of cheek! "When *Daniel Bandman* heard of *John McCullough*'s affliction, he wrote him a letter offering to finish *McCullough's* season for him." Finish *McCullough's* season! Why, it was enough to finish *McCullough* himself!

*Dying Boucicault* is crawling feebly along over the Western circuit. The news of *Chanfrau's* death gave him a great shock, for there is nothing *Boucicault* dreads so much as dying. He seems to think he is immortal, but, as he'll find out some day, he's quite as croakable as the next one.

"*Zo-Zo*," the marvelously stupid play produced by Joseph, alias *Charles E. Gariner*, was written by that wonder of literary incompetency, *Archie Gunter*. *Archie Gunter* is probably the most incapable scribbler that ever went into the business of play-writing. He is even worse than *Elliott Barnes*.

*Old Fel* *Grover* is knocking the life out of the "profession" by doctoring various alleged "comedies." A "comedy" doctoried by *Grover* is said to finish an actor's career quicker than anything else in this mortal world. On these grounds, if on no other, *Grover* must be regarded as a public benefactor.



JAMES ROBINSON,

THE CHAMPION BAREBACK RIDER.

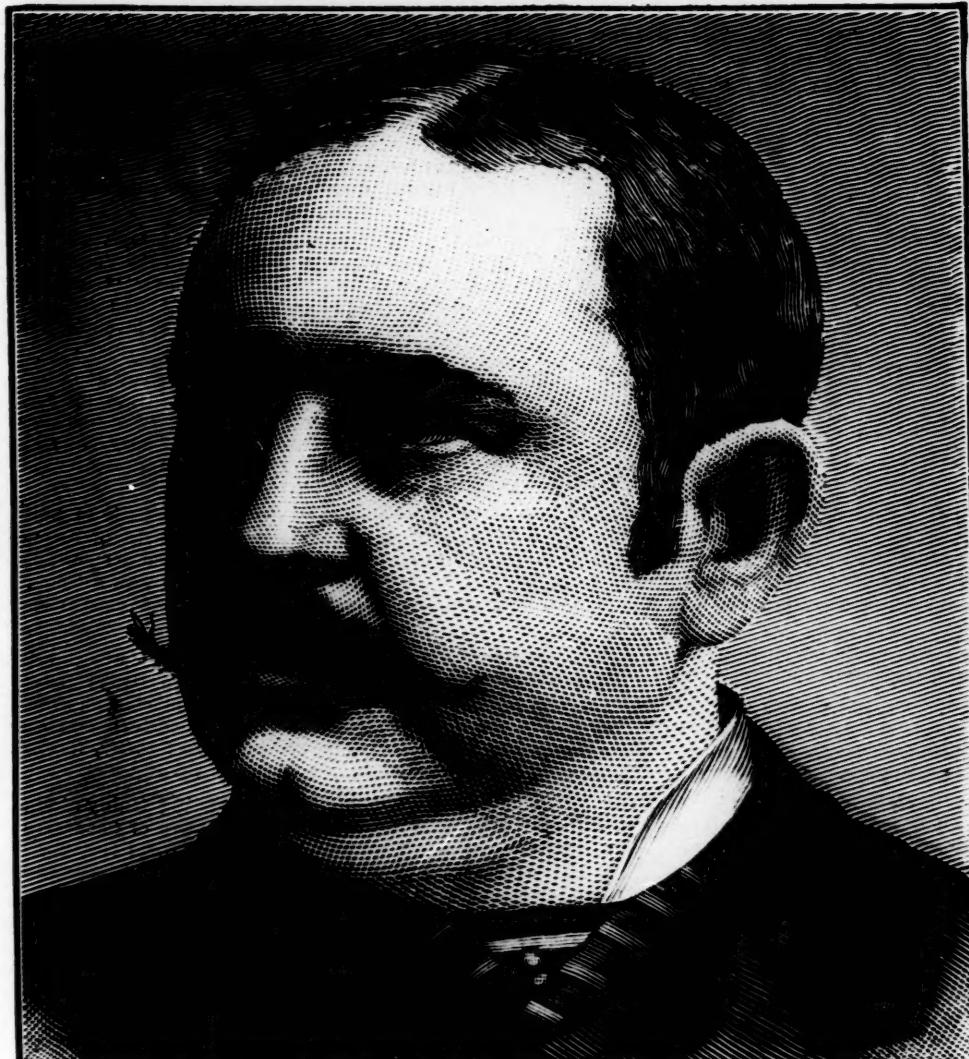
[Photo by John Wood.]

## James Robinson.

James Robinson is the acknowledged champion of all horsemen. He was born in Boston, in 1830. He first made his appearance in the circus arena under the instruction of "old John Robinson" in the year 1845. Although the report of his death has been circulated we have positive proof that the "champion still lives," and during the present season has maintained his hard-earned reputation, appearing with the Selk Brothers, Gov. Robinson (as he is familiarly known by his professional friends), although forty-seven years of age, can do more to-day on a bareback horse than any living being. He has been received in all the principal cities during the present season with a perfect ovation. Even the announcement of James Robinson is the signal for rounds of applause. There never has or never will be another James Robinson, and Jimmy still holds the champion belt.

## Louis Hickman.

Mr. Hickman, who is the proprietor or backer of all the leading dime museums in the city, is an energetic business man and genial gentleman. He was born in London, England, May 8, 1839, but came to this country when quite young. After engaging in several commercial enterprises, he entered the show business, and developed such an aptitude for that line that he continued it with great success. In 1857 and 1858 he traveled with Madigan's circus and later with the Sands & Walton party. He became one of the best-known managers of side shows, and finally became permanently settled as one of the most popular caterers to the amusement-seekers of the metropolis. He is at present part proprietor of the New York Museum on the Bowery.



JAMES DONALDSON, JR.

THE POPULAR MANAGER OF THE LONDON THEATRE, NEW YORK.

[Photo by Olivier.]

## Attempted Wife Murderer.

Mrs. Mary Hayes lives at 95 Maujer street, Williamsburgh. On Wednesday evening, Oct. 9, her husband, Patrick Hayes, met her as she came from the races at Brighton Beach, and walked with her up Grand street, Williamsburgh. At second street he was seen to seize her with his left hand and, taking a pistol from his pocket, shot at her twice. The street was crowded.

Policeman Peter Flaherty, on forcing his way through a crowd, found the man standing over the prostrate woman. As Flaherty raised his club Hayes discharged two more shots, but before he could take aim for a third he was struck down. One bullet entered Mrs. Hayes' shoulder and another penetrated her breast. On the way to the Fourth street police station Hayes said to Flaherty:

"I wish to God you had struck me harder." Hayes shot George Norton on the west sidewalk of the Bowery, a little above the Atlantic

Garden, early on Saturday night, Nov. 17 last, injuring him slightly. Hayes kept a faro bank at 40 Bowery, in a building he owned there. Norton, a young man, was his dealer. Jealousy of Norton's attentions to his wife prompted him to shoot him. Hayes gave himself up, and was held for firing at Norton. The case never came to trial. Last February Hayes sold his premises at 40 Bowery to L. Reinken, a restaurant keeper next door, for \$25,000. Since then he has been living alone at the New England Hotel, 30 Bowery. Acquaintances said he had been drinking lately, and betting a good deal on the races.



LOUIS HICKMAN,

THE POPULAR PROPRIETOR OF NEW YORK DIME MUSEUMS.

## Miss Mignonette.

This charming young lady is an aspirant for histrionic honors. She is not yet well known upon the boards, but a glance at her picture will show that she has the requisites of face and form, and her friends assert that she has talent and energy to back her physical qualifications.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

## MISS MIGNONETTE.

[Photo by Falk.]



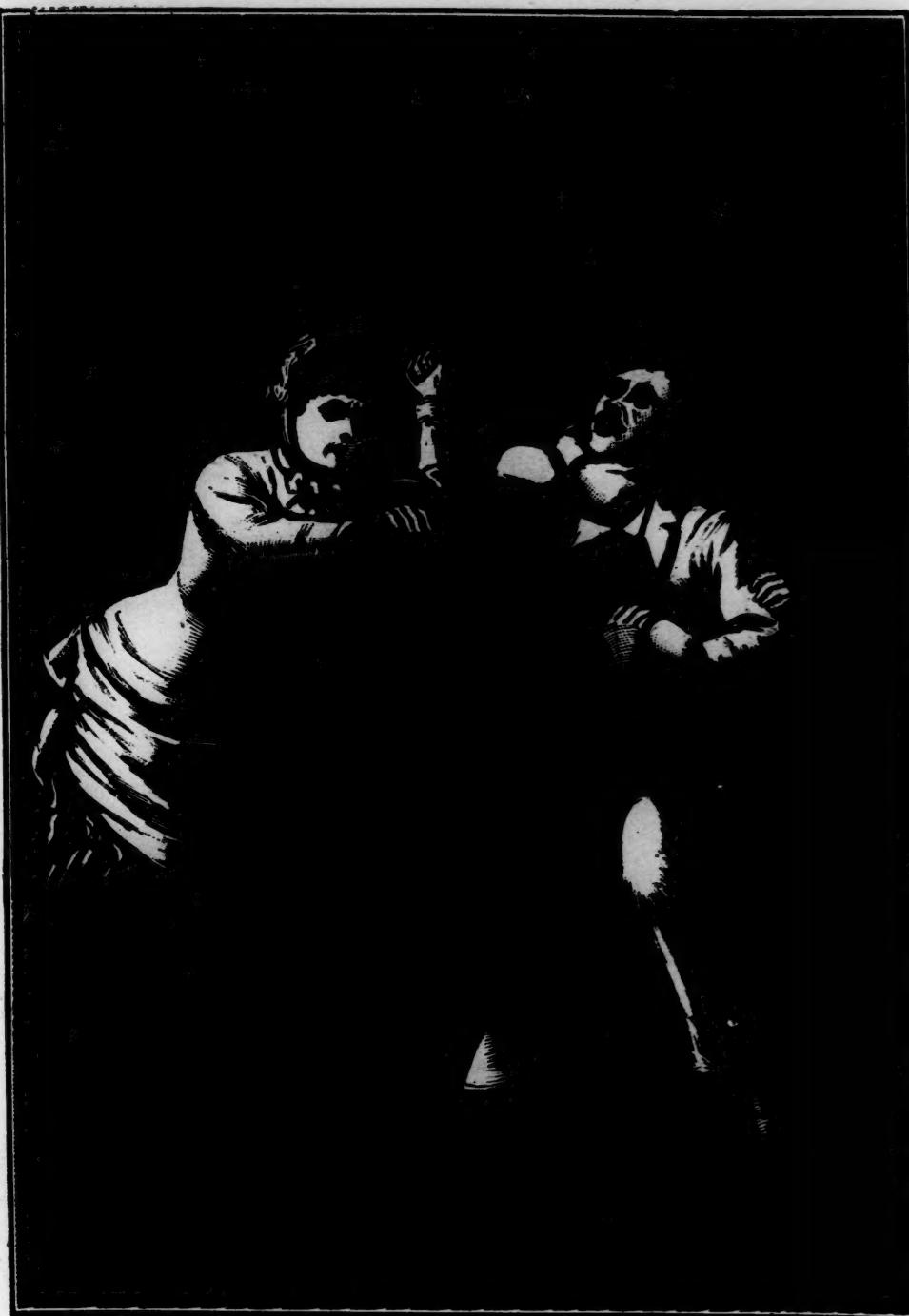
PATRICK HAYES,

A WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK SPORTING MAN, UNDER ARREST FOR SHOOTING HIS WIFE.



MRS. MARY HAYES,

USED AS A TARGET BY HER JEALOUS HUSBAND, AT WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y.



TOO PLUCKY FOR THE VILLAINS.

HOW A FEMALE STORE-KEEPER AND HER ATHLETIC CLERK PUT TO FLIGHT A PARTY OF NEW YORK FOOTPADS.

## A Remarkable Criminal.

A man giving his name as George Weber is now held in the jail at Topeka, Kansas, on a

charge of burglary. An examination of his effects led to curious developments. Weber

kept three kinds of books, which he calls Jour-  
nal, ledger and memorandum; also a book of

observations. He worked by a regular system. For instance, his books showed the number and street; the kind of building, brick or wood; the owner of a building; the number of persons living in a certain house, their habits, daily movements and whether single or married; whether business places are watched—how and when; kind of locks on doors, window fastenings and location of the same; what kind of tools are required to gain entrance to any particular building; whether

precautionary steps

are necessary before tackling a building; what valuables can be secured, and where the owner keeps them; a general description of the surroundings and neighborhood. It has been ascertained that two years ago Weber was convicted of burglary in Pennsylvania and sentenced to serve a term in the Penitentiary. His relatives live at White City, Kansas, and his right name is Richard Bock.

We are indebted to

Mr. T. W. Thompson,

Chief of Police of To-

peka, Kansas, for the

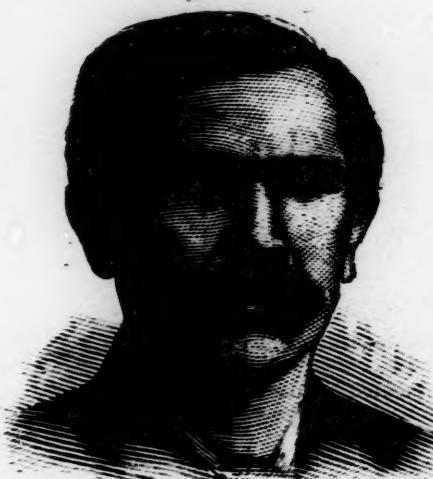
portrait of this sys-

tematic criminal.



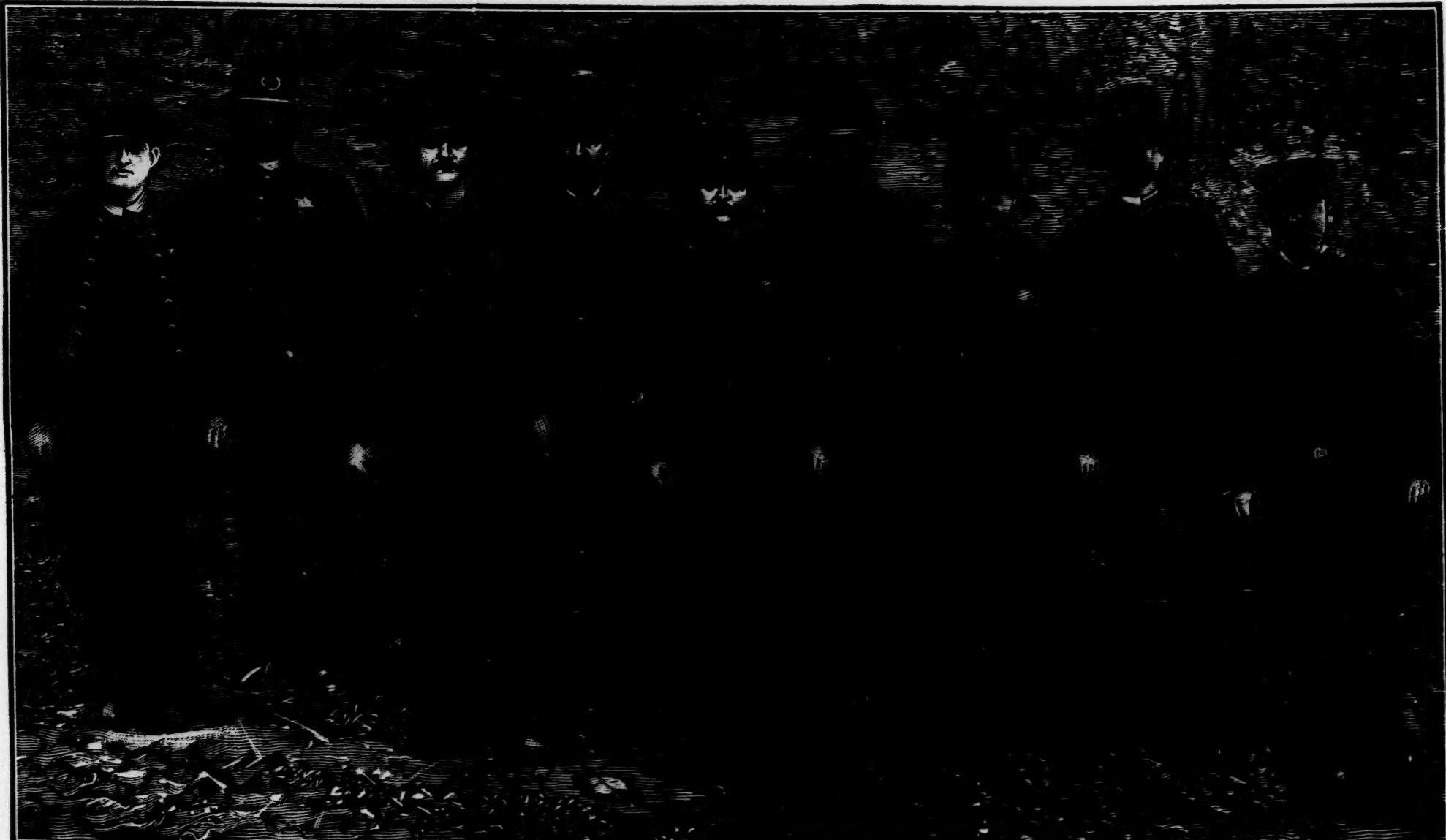
A DUEL IN THE PARLOR.

A RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN AND AN AMERICAN BOOK-KEEPER HAVE A MEETING ACCORDING TO THE CODE, WITH A LADY AS SECOND.



GEO. WEBER,

THE TOPEKA, KANSAS, CROOK WHO WORKED ON A SYSTEM.



CHIEF T. C. TOLER.

JACK ALLEN.

OFFICER HILDRETH.

THRELKILD.

BRYANT.

BRUTUS.

ENGLISH.

BOHN.

SERGT. CHAS. SHOER.

THE POLICE FORCE OF HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

[Photographed Expressly for the "Police Gazette."]

## CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

## Some of the Incidents of Life in the Busy, Bustling Metropolis, as Seen By a Keen Observer.

Governor Cleveland last week received one appeal which a bachelor of his susceptible temperament must have found extremely exasperating.

Myron Fairbanks, of Southport, Chemung county, was sentenced in February last to Auburn prison for two years and a half for shooting at some persons who were stoning his father's house. Three months ago Samuel Boone, who married Fairbanks' sister, came to see the Governor to obtain a pardon for Fairbanks. The Governor informed him that the District Attorney of Chemung county had advised him to do nothing in the matter; that the prisoner had been justly sentenced. Boone, who is very hot-tempered, then told the Governor he would kick him if he had no orderlies around, and that he would go home and kick the District Attorney anyhow. The Governor promptly ordered the man out of the room, and he left. As he was going out of the door he said:

"—you, you are prejudiced."

## GOING FOR THE GOVERNOR.



Recently he returned with his wife and a woman about forty years old, who at once threw her arms violently about the Governor's neck, while he was busy at his desk in the public room, and began pleading for her brother's pardon. The Governor shook her off as easily as possible, and asked her to be seated and talk the matter over quietly, but at this she became very much excited. Her husband began again to threaten what he would do in case of refusal, and so the Governor rang for assistance, and they were forcibly removed.

In the corridor the woman went into hysterics, and the orderlies had all they could do to get her down stairs. She made the building ring with her shrieks, and had to be forcibly held down, because she wanted to get out of the elevator and return to the Governor's room. Her husband was also much excited; and just as soon as the elevator reached the lower floor he took her out, and, aided by some gentlemen, took her to a physician near by.

When they had gone the Governor smoothed his ruffled clothing and resumed his work.

## THE BOY TOUGHS.

The smoke of six big cigars curled slowly upward from the mouths of six boys who stood around a green-topped pool-table in a Bowery saloon the other night. Each one had a cue in his hand and looked learnedly at the loose-trousered bartender, who distributed tickets for drinks among the participants in the game which had just ended. On the walls were pictures of actresses and prize-fighters while over the dirty bar swung a work of art which might be taken either as a portrait of the proprietor or a remarkably good likeness of the chimpanzee in the Central Park menagerie. Five of the boys wore tight-leg raiment, and the lower limbs of the sixth was attired in a pair of sky-blue bags, from which wandered two ample feet. Standing a few feet from the table was a youth on whose diminutive form was arrayed a bright plaid suit, set off by a brass horseshoe pin and an "Ah, there!" hat,



which was tipped eloquently over his left eye. One foot was thrown forward, with the heel on the floor and the toe in the air, while both thumbs were stuck in the armholes of the plaid vest. The rest of the boys paid great respect to this young person and called him "Pete."

The party represented "the little toughs of New York," the rising generation of criminals.

When the colored bells were corralled into the shape

of a pyramid the tallest boy laid his cigar on a shelf where none of the others could reach it, and made the opening shot with reckless energy. Then a bow-legged member of the party squinted along the tops of the rails like a civil engineer looking through a theodolite. Finally his cue shot forward and a purple ball rolled into the pocket. The player looked at Pete, who languidly remarked:

"Good, you're comin' on. Dat was a ringer. Play der seven ball across to der side pocket."

The bow-legged boy squinted through the imaginary theodolite again and shook his head doubtfully.

"No cross, no crown," suggested Pete. "Dat's what der block with de white necktie says."

The cross shot was attempted, and proved to be a success. Three balls were sent into the pocket in succession, and then the player made a miss, leaving the ball in a favorable position for the next boy, who remarked that it was a good "leave."

"Nothin' but leaves," observed Pete, as he accepted a cigar from an admirer. "Dis onscientific play makes me sick. Now, dere's a shot any one can make, and it'll be missed, sure."

The tall boy bet drinks with the next player on the shot.

"Make it for der crowd," said a thin little fellow who basked in Pete's smile.

The suggestion was received with immense favor by the on-lookers, and the betters reluctantly consented. When the player missed the shot Pete drank brandy.

For three hours the game went on, and at the end of each contest the bartender distributed green tickets for drinks to the boys. They lounged around the room, drank beer, smoked cigars and listened to the decisions of Pete on the technical points of the game.

By midnight the party stood at the bar steadily drinking beer and pocketing cigars until every ticket had been cashed. Pete's "Ah, there" hat was tilted very much more over his left eye, while with the right eye he watched the tall boy counting up a handful of silver coin. Just as the company was leaving the saloon Pete smoothed his plaid suit and whispered to the tall boy, and led him back to the pool-table.

"I'll tell yer what I'll do," he said, with a benevolent look, "I'll betch a dollar I kin beat yer in a nice sissible game. I wouldn't play wid der rest of der gang. Most of dem are skins and dunno what honesty is."

Two one-dollar bills were solemnly laid in the bartender's hands and the game commenced. The tall boy put in four balls at the start by delicate strokes. Then Pete took off his jacket and chalked his cue. The tall boy examined the rack to count his score, and while his back was turned Pete pushed the "fourteen" ball into the pocket with his hand and remarked as his opponent looked around:

"Dat was a hair-curler, me boy. I didn't tink I could fetch it."

Then he missed the next shot. The tall boy made another ball and went to the bar to settle a disputed



account. While he was away Peter swept more balls on the table into the pocket with his arm. When his companion returned he looked stunned.

"I tell yer what," said Pete, as he shoved the two dollar-bills into his pocket, "I ain't every feller I'd play wid for money. A chap's shure to get skinned if he gets in wid a crowd of blokes wat don't go to church nor Sunday-school. I'll have ter bid yer good night, for I have to get up early to-morrow to get a shave."

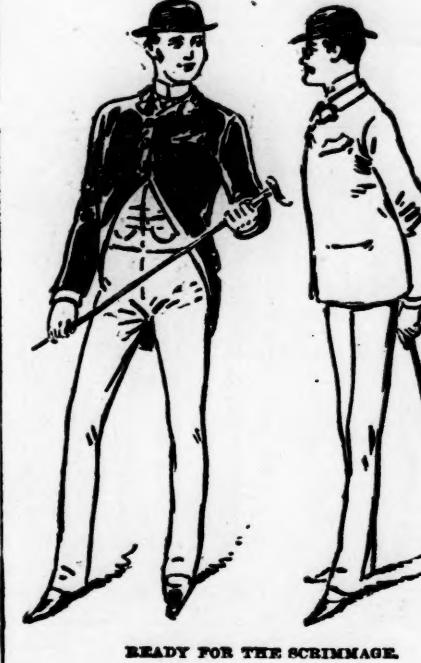
And Pete passed his hand slowly around his perfectly smooth chin as he sauntered out into the Bowery.

## THE CANE RUSH.

President Barnard, of Columbia College, and Big Mike, the janitor, are very much disturbed over the antics of the freshmen and sophomores. When the chaplain opened chapel one day last week and began to pray fervently for the future of the tenderfeet just entered, the sophis set up a vigorous cheer that paralyzed him. The freshmen held a meeting immediately afterward, which the sophis entered and broke up, together with the various articles of furniture in the class-room. There is a small campus, about 100 feet square, between the wings of the new buildings, and on this on the following day the first and second year School of Mines classes began a cane rush. The President and his assistant bastonned out and attempted to break up the meeting. There was a lively struggle for five minutes before it was accomplished, and the President and Mike were considerably hustled around.

Every day since, the freshman and sophomore classes have been cutting up antics to such an extent that the President's ire was excited to the highest pitch. He attempted to lecture the students for their conduct in church, but at the mention of any particular class the members gave a prolonged cheer, and discomfited him greatly. On the 14th all the college classes turned out to witness the final cane rush between the freshmen and sophomores, at the Manhattan Athletic Grounds. The Juniors coached '83, and the seniors '87. During the preliminaries each side cheered themselves up roarously, and ended with the college yell—B-I-N-G-O! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a! The Sophomores improvised an additional yell in the form of '87-wants-beer! '87-wants-beer!'

At 3:30 o'clock P. M., twelve freshmen took hold of a stout hickory nickel-headed cane, and about sixty of their classmates formed in a dense mass around them. One hundred feet away stood thirty-five yelling sophis. Referee W. Moore warned the bellicose that fifteen minutes would be allowed for time, and if the cane broke the rush would be called a draw. When he called out "Ready" the sophomores



READY FOR THE SCRIMMAGE.

bounded out like savages and precipitated themselves upon the heads of the freshmen. Crawling over the mass of heads, they seized the cane, and the stampede began. The terrific yell brought in some policemen, who were promptly mobbed, and neither permitted to blow their whistles nor leave for help. The struggle that ensued was a violent affair, and a disgraceful spectacle according to present advanced views. Clothing was torn off, heads battered, pins stuck in each other's backs, fallen men stamped on, and some pretty painful injuries given.

Many of the students emerged with their clothes in



AFTER THE BATTLE.

rag, and scarcely a shirt remained whole. When time was called eleven men had hold of the cane—Freshmen Ewing, Warren, and Pickard; Sophomores Herriman, Harris, Wilson, Richards, Ward, Stevens, Plumb and Requier. It was a signal victory for the sophis, but they had organization, trickery, and experience. About one-third of the freshmen were absent. At the conclusion of the performance the grounds were strewn with clothing, and the older classmen divided their garments with the participants. The policemen, who began to enjoy the struggle after it had commenced, took beer with all hands and went away satisfied. After the rush was over there was a triumphal march, which wound up in Fritz's saloon, on Fifty-fifth street, where much beer was consumed.

## DIED IN HER SIN.

Minnie Brooks and her husband, Giles Hunt, keepers of a low dive near the corner of Polk and Dearborn streets, Chicago, were stabbed on Oct. 4, by Joe Williams, a colored visitor at the house. Hunt died twenty-four hours later from the effects of his wounds, and the woman breathed her last at 4 o'clock the next morning. Williams is under arrest. He claims that the stabbing was done in self-defense, as Mrs. Brooks had drawn a revolver on him before he attacked her.

The quarrel resulted from an attempt to eject Williams, who, after stabbing the mistress of the house, attacked the husband fiercely, and when found by the police, some hours later, was still in a murderous mood. Minnie Brooks gained notoriety two years ago by suddenly reforming and settling up a refuge for fallen women, which she called the "Rehoboth Home." For a year she was consistent in her change of life, then, pinched by poverty, she suddenly married her former colored paramour, Hunt, and resumed her old ways.

## POLICE FORCE OF HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

[With Portraits.] We publish this week portraits of the police force of Hot Springs, Ark. They are men of brawn and muscle, of courage and determination. Just the sort to contend with the rough scum that follows and interferes with the sturdy, honest pioneers of civilization. We last week presented the portrait of the plucky Chief Toler, and take pleasure in showing his worthy assistants.

## A DUEL IN THE PARLOR.

A Russian Nobleman and an American Book-keeper Fight for a Pennsylvania Beau y.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

Rosie Andrigo is the beautiful sixteen-year-old daughter of a wealthy Northumberland county, Pa., coal operator who came from Poland twenty-two years ago. Miss Rosie, whose social position is considered much better than the daughters of other families in the neighborhood, grew up a spoiled beauty. Two months ago Count Ludwig Armaniski paid a visit to Mount Carmel. He is the son of a Russian nobleman, and has come to this country as a traveler. He brought letters of introduction to Andrigo, who invited him to spend some time at his residence in Mount Carmel. Count Ludwig at once fell in love with his daughter. It soon became reported that Miss Rosie was engaged to the young nobleman.

Among the girl's other admirers is Frank Rudman, a book-keeper at the colliery. He became very jealous of the titled Russian, and on several occasions insulted him grossly before others. Ludwig refused to take any notice of the insults, intimating that, being a nobleman's son, he could not engage in a dispute with a book-keeper. A few Sundays ago Rudman met Miss Rosie returning from the Catholic chapel. He told her he had information that Count Ludwig was going to Chicago the following day, and had boasted that he only won the girl's love in sport, and intended to throw her over. The girl refused to believe at first that her lover was false, but Rudman affirming that he had positive evidence of his treachery, she declared that she would refuse to speak to him during the few days more that he would be her father's guest. Of course Count Ludwig noticed the sudden change in her manner and asked for an explanation. This at first the young lady refused to give, but as he persisted she told him all Rudman had said.

The count immediately sent a challenge to Rudman by William Butler, and the challenge was eagerly accepted. Arrangements were made for the duel to be fought in a retired spot three miles from Mt. Carmel. Rudman drank heavily all the preceding day, and spoke of the contemplated duel to several friends. They persuaded him to go to Andrigo's residence and shoot the young Russian without risking a face-to-face meeting. While Miss Rosie and Ludwig were sitting in Andrigo's drawing-room on the evening of Oct. 4, Rudman burst in upon them, revolver in hand. "I have come to kill you!" he cried out to the Russian, at the same time firing. The bullet took effect in a Sevres vase, shattering it to pieces. Ludwig dashed up stairs to his bedroom, took a revolver from his dressing case, and was back again in the parlor almost before Rosie knew what happened. Leveling his revolver at Rudman's head, the count called upon his adversary to place himself at the opposite end of the apartment.

"Count three!" the Russian shrieked to the trembling girl, as Rudman took his place by the balcony window. Terrified, and not knowing what she did, Rosie obeyed the order, and as the word "three" fell from her lips the reports of two revolvers rang out simultaneously. The ball from Count Ludwig's weapon penetrated Rudman's shoulder, and the latter fell to the floor as the bullet from his pistol whizzed over the Russian's head. Andrigo's servants rushed into the room. A hasty explanation followed, and Rudman was carried to a bed-chamber, where Miss Rosie tenderly watched over him.

## THE LUCKY NUMBER

That Caught the Capital Prize in the Louisiana Lottery.

Since the announcement that one-fifth of ticket No. 70,483 of the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the capital prize of \$75,000 in the September drawing, was sold in Washington; much curiosity has been expressed to know who the lucky individual was. The Critic accidentally learned that the ticket in question had been sold through correspondence with M. A. Danphin, this city, to a gentleman in Baltimore. A reporter was dispatched to that city to hunt him up. He found the lucky party employed in a wholesale tobacco house on Water street, and he acknowledged having been the fortunate possessor of the ticket, and said that he had collected his share, \$15,000, through the Drovers' & Mechanics' National Bank of Baltimore.

"This lucky stroke will enable you to do better by yourself," suggested the reporter.

"Yes, I have already made a proposition to buy out my employers. If they sell to me I will have a business that will insure me a competence in the near future. I have paid up my life insurance, which had about three years to run, and am out of debt."

"Did you ever invest in a lottery ticket before?" inquired the reporter.

"Yes, I have been purchasing a ticket or two off and on for some time. I have sometimes drawn small amounts—one time \$50, and once or twice smaller amounts. I figure that up to this time I have spent about \$50 in tickets. My plan has always been to send to M. A. Danphin, New Orleans, by express, for the tickets. Last month I neglected sending until it was too late. A day or so before the drawing I went to the express office and indorsed my money to M. A. Danphin, Washington, D. C. In this instance delay was fortunate, for I got the lucky number."

The Critic congratulated the gentleman on his good fortune and promised to respect his desire not to be known at present, and bid him good day. Inquiry among his associates developed the fact that he enjoys the reputation of being one of the shrewdest business men in his line of trade, and is sober, intelligent and industrious. Being only about thirty years of age, his good luck struck him in the most opportune time of life.—Washington (D. C.) Critic, Oct. 8.

## A BATH IN MOLTEN IRON.

## [Subject of Illustration.]

At Warren's Furnace, in Hickman county, Tenn., it is a rule to give a signal before tapping the furnace, that the blasts may be shut off and the men get out of danger. The tapper, through neglect, tapped the furnace before the signal was given, and three men standing near were covered by melted iron. Two of the men were burned to death instantly. The other man attempted to get out of the way and waded through the melted iron. He lived two hours in great agony. The tapper was also burned fatally. A mule and cart standing near were consumed by the river of melted iron.

## JUST SO!

## The Jack Bunsbys of the Sporting World Express Opinions as are Opinions on the Recent Match.

After the McCaffrey-Mitchell boxing match was over, the latter retired to his dressing-room. He stripped and was rubbed down. He was not bruised, and simply had a cut over the left eye, caused by bumping his own against McCaffrey's head. He growled about the referee's decision, and Madden said:

"You should not have agreed to him. He was your choice. I objected to him, for he don't know anything about boxing."

"You were kicked anyhow," remarked Billy O'Brien.

"Yes," said Brotherton, "and McCaffrey can whip you every day in the week."

"I will fight him in the morning with bare knuckles for \$1,000."

"To a finish?" inquired Brotherton.

"Well, say eight rounds," said Madden.

"No," said Brotherton, "fight to a finish and I will name a place where you can fight."

"I should have something to say about that," said Mitchell.

"Well, McCaffrey can lick you," sneered O'Brien.

"You lie!" exclaimed Mitchell.

"Yes, he can," said Brotherton.

"You lie, too," said Mitchell.

Brotherton made a rush for Mitchell, and the latter jumped up, but friends stopped what might have been a red hot row.

In the meantime Pete McCoy, John L. Sullivan's pet, came in to see Mitchell. He said:

"You were not whipped, Charley; McCaffrey can't whip me. I'll fight him for \$1,000."

Capt. Williams then sent every one out of the manager's private sanctum.

In the meantime McCaffrey, who was the hero of the hour, sat dressing himself, assisted by A. F. Lunt and a few admirers. He was not marked, and he had very little to say.

"You won, Dominick," said an admirer.

"Yes," said the gentlemanly Pittsburgh pugilist, "I expected I would. I should like to meet Sullivan next."

"Mitchell will want you to meet him again."

"I do whatever Billy O'Brien says. I want to fight Sullivan. I think I can whip him."

At this juncture there was a rush outside. Pete McCoy, who had been skirmishing to find McCaffrey's dressing-room, was at the door. Billy O'Brien had an argument with him and McCoy commenced to punch McCaffrey's manager. Both clinched when friends interposed and Captain Williams chased McCoy from the garden. On the 10th inst. McCaffrey left the Patnam House, in company with his brother and Billy O'Brien, intending to go to his home in Pittsburgh, and stay a week or ten days. Then he will go on the road with a companion. He says:

"I want to have a go with John L. Sullivan, and when I do I will be satisfied."

He was in fine shape and showed no mark from his encounter with Mitchell.

Billy Madden said the referee evidently did not know his business, or he would not have given the fight to McCaffrey. "Shoot me," he said, "if I didn't think the whole garden would fall on me when I heard the decision. I was just lying there quietly, paying hardly any attention, because I thought anybody could see we had it. I say to Mitchell, says I, 'Go it, Charley; keep it up that way; you're all right.' Charley did all the fighting, and made all the sport, and they applauded the other fellow for jumping around and hitting little taps like a girl. Then Charley ducked at the same time that McCaffrey did; their heads came together, and Charley's forehead was cut. As soon as the people saw the blood it set them crazy, but Charley might have knocked McCaffrey's lungs clean up into his throat, and if the crowd didn't see it, they'd never appreciate the beauty of it. Now, to show we mean business, I hereby challenge McCaffrey to spar Mitchell eight rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern, either for sixty-five and thirty-five per cent. of the proceeds, or \$1,000 a side and the total receipts, or I will match Mitchell to fight McCaffrey a fair stand-up fight to a finish for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side, the fight to be witnessed by only five persons on each side."

## A FEW COMMENTS.

Paddy Kiernan, Baltimore: "I will give McCaffrey a big engagement."

Tommy Phalburn: "Who would suppose McCaffrey would have whipped Mitchell?"

John Moran, Cincinnati: "If J. R. McCormick decided McCaffrey won, the decision was a fair one."

W. Jeroloman, Baltimore: "Mitchell will have to follow Tug Wilson's footsteps. The idea of allowing McCaffrey to down him."

James Barker, of Philadelphia: "McCaffrey has frightened Sullivan and beaten Mitchell."

Jim Gamble, of Baltimore: "I don't believe Mitchell was in condition."

Ras Levy, of Baltimore: "I lose \$500 on Mitchell."

James Price, Baltimore: "Why didn't they have Richard K. Fox for referee?"

Prof. Kimball, of Baltimore: "McCaffrey is climbing the golden stairs of pugilism fast."

Inspector T. Byrnes: "Mitchell and McCaffrey are both experts."

Inspector Murray: "McCaffrey is greatly improved."

James Keenan writes: "McCaffrey should now meet Jake Kilrain. I will bet \$1,000 that McCaffrey cannot best him in four rounds."

Charley Goodman, Baltimore: "I was knocked out when I heard McCaffrey won."

John Charles, of Baltimore: "McCaffrey cannot do Mitchell."

Arthur Chambers said: "Mitchell was the strongest at the finish."

Tom Gould said: "McCaffrey is a great boxer."

Ale Mason, the veteran sporting man, said: "The referee's decision proved he is not much of a judge of boxing."

James Patterson said: "McCaffrey can whip Mitchell."

Billy Edwards said: "McCaffrey had the best of the boxing; all through."

Pat Siney said: "Mitchell would have won certain if the fight had not been restricted to four rounds."

Judge O'Reilly said: "It was the best boxing match I ever witnessed."

John McGowan: "Mitchell is the best boxer and was not beaten."

Gabe Case said: "It was a capital glove contest. It was a regular slugging match."

Al Smith: "It is foolish to think McCaffrey could box Sullivan. I have nothing to say about the referee's decision. He is a friend of mine."

Patrick Duffy, of New Orleans, said: "I don't see how the referee could decide McCaffrey won. Mitchell was the strongest defeated pugilist I ever saw."

Wright Sandford said: "I honestly thought that Mitchell was the best man."

Davy Johnson: "McCaffrey is a clever boxer, but Mitchell was not defeated."

Johnny Murphy, the noted driver, said: "After the first round both pugilists trotted like Maud S. Mitchell would have won if it had been to a finish."

Judge Smith: "I would not have missed it for anything."

Capt. Williams: "It was the best and most orderly contest I ever saw in the garden."

Hon. Peter Mitchell: "It was Mitchell's own fault the contest was decided against him. He should not have agreed upon a referee whose sympathies were wrapped up in McCaffrey."

Capt. Murphy: "I thought McCaffrey had the best of the boxing."

Prof. Wm. Clark: "They are both capital boxers. It was red-hot while it lasted. Mitchell should have won."

Cass L. Davis: "McCaffrey beat Mitchell on his merits."

George H. Sandison, editor of the *Star*: "According to all accounts, McCaffrey was too much for Mitchell."

George Bartholomew, editor *Daily News*: "If every match is carried out in such an orderly manner and the pugilists make such a grand display, boxing matches will be well patronized."

John J. Flynn: "I keep a first-class sporting saloon, 105 Bowery. Both pugilists are friends of mine, and I will give no opinion."

William R. Travers: "It was a genuine boxing match. Mitchell done the most fighting."

Capt. Emory, Philadelphia, says McCaffrey had the best of it.

George Engeman, the noted turfman, said: "The referee, if he knew his business, should have made them fight another round. It was unfair to decide McCaffrey the winner."

Sheridan Shook: "It was a first-class contest, and Mitchell is a wonderful pugilist."

Ed. Gilmore: "I think the referee made a mistake in declaring McCaffrey the winner. It was a rattling fight."

Toppay Maguire: "I thought McCaffrey had the best of it."

Joe Elliott, of the *Herald*: "McCaffrey is a prominent pugilist, and when Sullivan retires he will fight his way to the championship."

Philip Dwyer: "McCaffrey is a regular Luke Blackburn."

Michael Dwyer: "It was nearly as good as a horse-race."

Harry Hill, tearfully: "I lost \$50 on Mitchell."

Mart. Malone: "McCaffrey is just the pugilist I thought he was."

Frank Stevenson: "It was a better glove contest than I expected it would be. The referee gave a wrong decision."

Mike Cleary: "The decision was not a fair one, but it is not my funeral."

John Woods: "I won a hat on McCaffrey. I always knew McCaffrey could beat Mitchell."

Prof. James O'Neill: "I have no opinion to give."

Prof. Wm. C. McClellan: "A referee is in a peculiar position. I would not give any opinion."

Prof. Arthur Mullin: "McCaffrey was on the defensive in the first round. Mitchell had the best of the second and third, but McCaffrey had the best of the rally at the finish."

Prof. T. McDermott: "Mitchell was not beaten."

Prof. Walter Watson: "It was a capital go, you know."

Al. Powers: "It was nip and tuck. Neither lost."

Hawley Ingalls: "Mitchell can whip McCaffrey. Sure."

Judge Duffy: "The boys both did well. I am not posted on 'Police Gazette' Revised rules."

Nick Muller: "Mitchell had none the worst of it."

Sam Feltier: "I thought Mitchell would have won."

Sam Bartman: "Why don't they have referees that understand their business?"

James Wakeley: "It was a first-class contest."

John Flood: "I like both men. Mum is the word."

Col. Chas. S. Spencer: "I did not see the contest."

Police Commissioner Matthews: "Boxing is a very healthful exercise. Mitchell and McCaffrey both did well."

Inspector Thorne: "The exhibition was first class and every one acted in a gentlemanly, quiet manner."

Plunger Walton: "Mitchell is by far the best boxer."

Chas. Reed: "McCaffrey will never be champion of America."

Ned Mallahan, the prize ring barrister: "McCaffrey was on the defensive from the beginning to the end. I differ with the referee's decision. He should have ordered the pugilists to fight another round. Pugilists should select sporting men who know the rules when they want a contest decided on its merits; not persons unqualified."

Alec Reid: "Mitchell was not beaten."

Barney Goodman: "McCaffrey is improving."

Wm. Bennett: "Cleary would be a good match for McCaffrey."

Dr. L. C. Thomas: "If every boxing exhibition was carried out on the same principle, every one would go."

Harry Martin: "Mike Donovan can do the both of them."

Jack Burke: "I shall be sure to do Mitchell tonight."

Richard K. Fox: "It was one of the best exhibitions of boxing I ever saw in Madison Square Garden. The behavior of the crowd, which must have numbered eight thousand, was excellent. The display made by McCaffrey and Mitchell reflects great credit on both the pugilists. The police arrangements were perfect. I expect Alf Greenfield will create a sensation when he arrives."

Mitchell, who was not bruised or marked, with the exception of a slight cut over his left eye, which was covered with plaster, said in the *POLICE GAZETTE* office:

"I was not beaten. Why, McCaffrey only struck me one clean blow."

"He cut your eye," said Mr. Fox, pointing to the cut.

"That was done in ducking," said Mitchell, "and my forehead struck against his head."

"How came Mr. McCormick to decide that McCaffrey won?"

"Why," replied Mitchell, "he was paid to give the decision. He don't know how to referee a rabbit fight. He don't know the rules in the first place, and I was told after the competition that the worst McCaffrey could have got was a draw, while before this McCormick would have decided in my favor. I should have knocked McCaffrey out so that he could not fight any longer."

"I always supposed McCormick would have given a fair decision," said Mr. Fox.

"I did not know much about him. Billy Madden objected to him, but I was afraid they would not agree to a referee, as I had named Al Smith, Wm. E. Hardling and others, and they objected to them. I had to do all the fighting, and at the end of the four rounds it was the referee's place to order another round, as I was willing to fight on. Every one, even Arthur Chapman, knew that I was the strongest at the end of the affair. I will be careful, when I meet Burke on the 21st inst., that McCormick is not referee. I never grumble at a square decision, but McCormick's idea of boxing would be laughed at where I came from, and McCaffrey would not be considered a good amateur. Four rounds, anyway, is not my forte. It is well enough for Sullivan to make those kind of matches."

"Well, Charley," said Mr. Fox, "cheer up; you can always win; try again."

"I mean to challenge him to fight me for \$1,000 to \$2,500, and put up a deposit in your hands."

Jack Leach, of Brooklyn: "It was worth going fifty miles to see. The referee should have ordered another round."

Major Battersby: "An exciting contest, but the referee evidently a novice."

John F. Walsh: "An even match until first blood, and that from a collision of heads, not hands. There should have been another round."

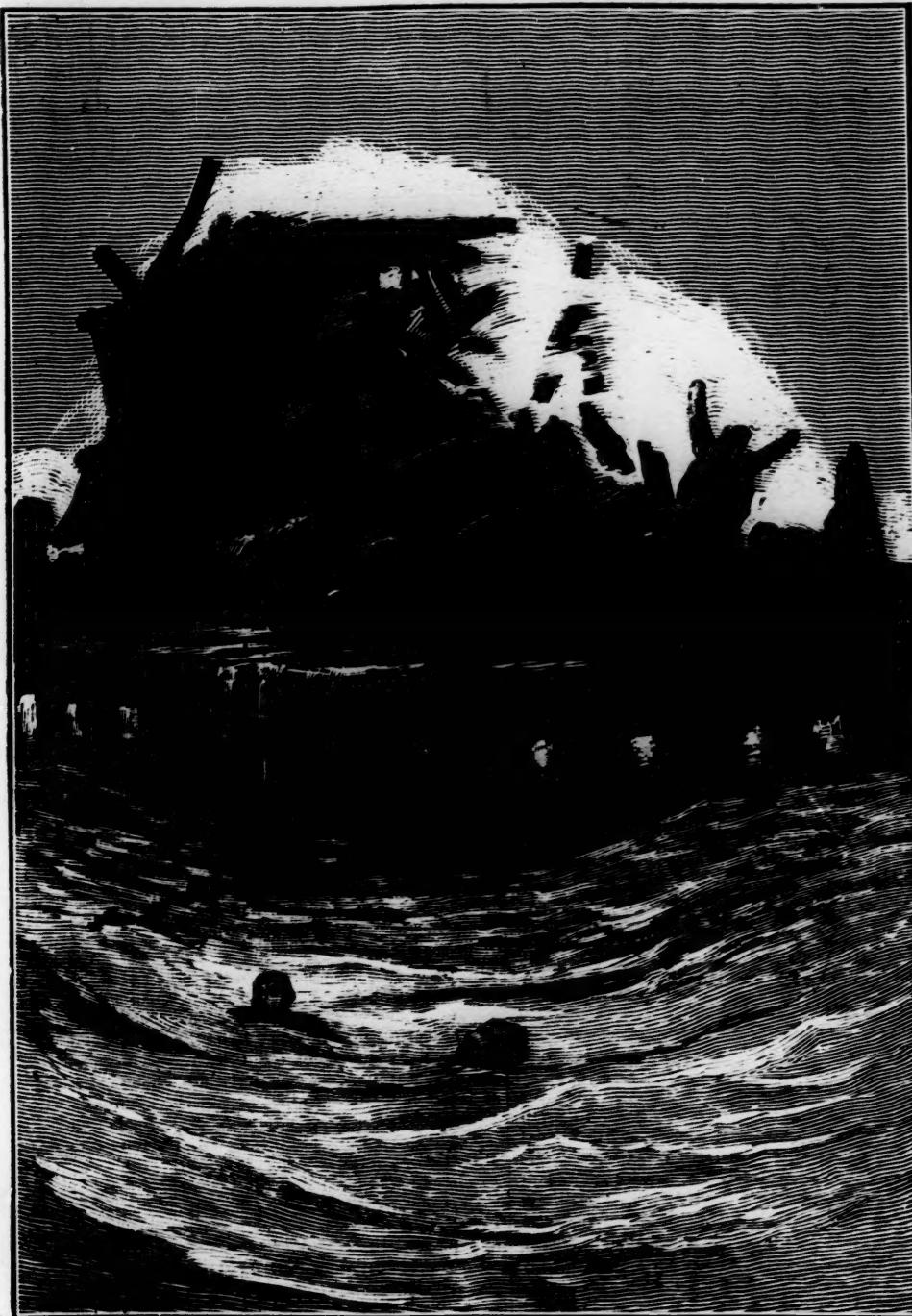
McCaffrey said his contest with Mitchell was a hard one, but it was fairly won. "It was a new experience for me, because Mitchell didn't fight like any one I ever met before. That made me doubtful how to act. If I had followed my own notion of how to deal with him I think I could have got the best of him sooner. But I did what Billy Edwards told me. If I have another 'go' at Mitchell I think I'll be able to make a better show than I did last night. He didn't hurt me. Except a little swelling on my arm, where I stopped his blows, I have no mark from the fight."

Billy Madden said: "Jack Burke is a better man than McCaffrey."

Mitchell said: "McCaffrey puzzled me. I can't say I think much of his way of fighting. He didn't seem likely to do anything at all unless I got in and stirred him up. As for getting the best of him, I haven't the slightest doubt on that score. I am ready to acknowledge when I am worsted in a fight, but I do think I was robbed of the one last night. I believe that the least I could expect was a draw. Of course the fight was only for points. But it mustn't be forgotten that getting in an occasional blow does not count for everything. When a man forces the fight he yields his defense and takes his chances of getting punished. I had to do last night. In the whole fight I didn't receive a blow that told."

Chas. Colvin says: "Mitchell planted oftenest and with most effect, forcing matters throughout and trying hard to administer a finish; but although McCaffrey toward the close was so weak that he reeled, and it seemed that a good blow must faze him, the Briton had not strength enough left to do the trick, and while he was yet trying the three minutes expired and the contest was over."

The general belief was that



SWALLOWED BY THE SEA.

TEN WORKERS ON THE NEW WATER TUNNEL AT HYDE PARK, NEAR CHICAGO, SWEEP INTO LAKE MICHIGAN BY A TIDAL WAVE.



A BATH IN MOLTEN IRON.

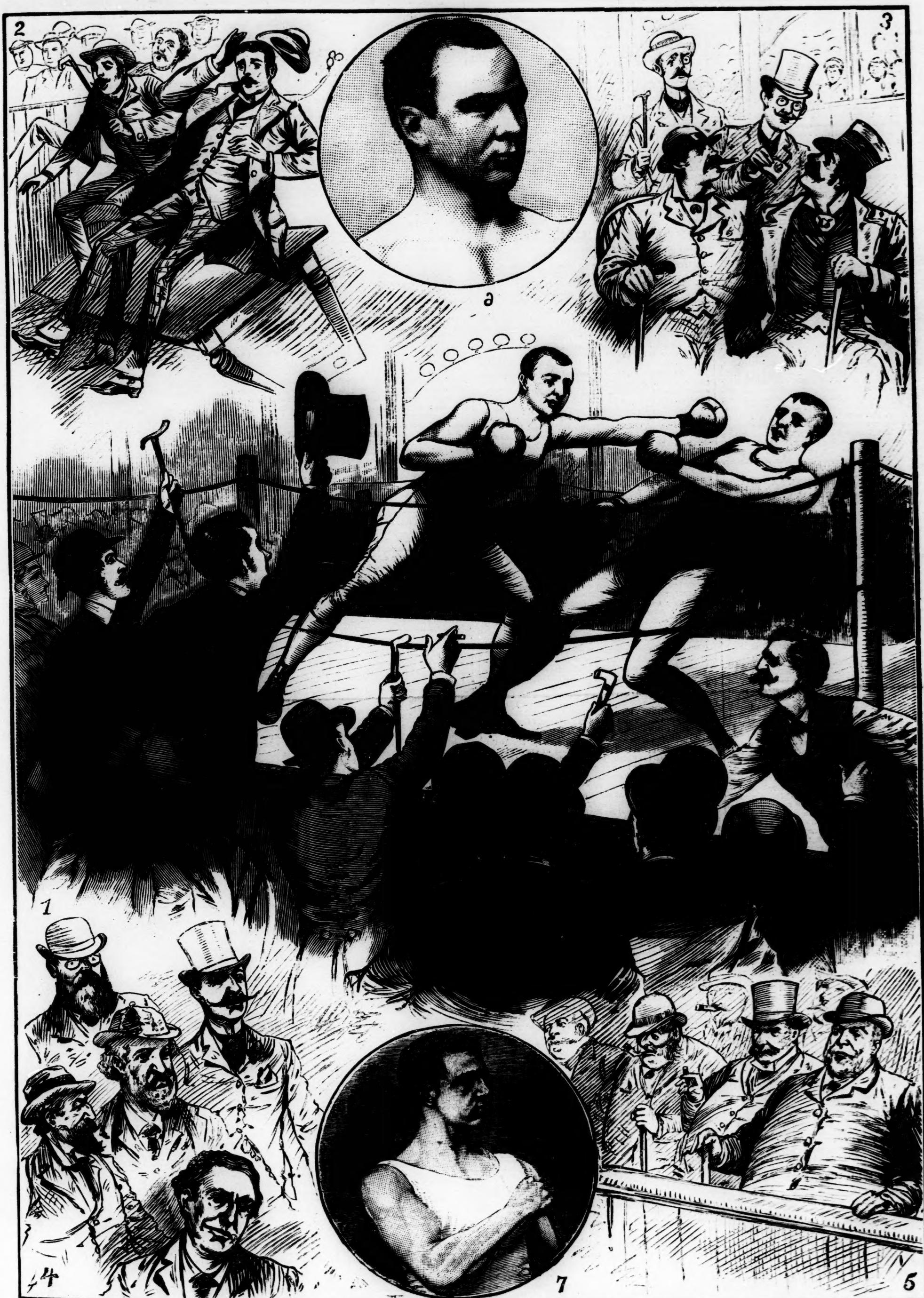
THE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT WARREN'S FURNACE, HICKMAN COUNTY, TENNESSEE, CAUSED BY THE PREMATURE TAPPING OF A CUPOLA OF SEETHING METAL.



A FUSILLADE IN A NEW YORK STREET.

THE LIVELY PISTOL PRACTICE OF TWELVE SICILIAN BARBERS THAT RESULTED IN ONE DEATH AND SEVERAL SERIOUS WOUNDS, WITH ACCURATE VIEW OF THE LOCALITY.

[From Sketches by "Police Gazette" Special Artists.]



## THE McCAFFREY-MITCHELL MATCH.

GREAT BRITAIN'S CHAMPION LOWERS HIS COLORS TO THE BOLD YOUNG REPRESENTATIVE OF SMOKEY PITTSBURG.

I.—A Settier. II.—Turning the Tables. III.—"Why Don't You Take the Seats if They're Yours?" IV.—A Sample Box. V.—The Old Hands. VI.—Dominick McCaffrey. VII.—Charles Mitchell.



## OUR NATIONAL GAME.

The Much-Despised Union Association Clubs are Playing Great Ball.

When the Union Association is spoken of in a contemptuous manner by the various journals published in cities which contain either National League or American Association clubs, it makes the slighted provocation for their scurrilous remarks, it makes the baseball admirers wonder more than a little bit at the called-for attack. It also astonishes us as we are unable to see why the press should take up the fight and hound the Union, simply because they are in opposition to the clubs who have combined themselves under the National Agreement. We would like to assure or even intimate that the reporters were grieved with National Agreement oil, as that would be unfair, but we will say that they slip into the rut of the ideas of the club managers of their respective cities with wonderful dexterity.

A finer or more interesting game of baseball is seldom played than that which took place in St. Louis, Oct. 7, between the St. Louis and Cincinnati clubs. The game was witnessed by 4,000 spectators, who did not look much as if the interest in the Union game was waning. Every inch of the ground was fought doggedly and the assemblies were not slow in showing their appreciation of the excellent style in which the game was played. It was the third consecutive time these crack clubs played a 2 to 1 game, but on this occasion St. Louis gobbled the two. The game was thrillingly exciting and abounded in brilliant plays. Glance, as usual, played a most note-taking game at short-stop, and fairly captivated the assemblage. His playing on this occasion was superior to anything that the St. Louis people had seen in many years, and they gaped on him with open-mouthed astonishment. Giant work was done by both Sweeney and Briley, and with the exception of the pending "Brad" got in the first inning, the honors in the box were pretty evenly distributed.

Ham Crane, who could not hold his own with the Metropolitans, has turned out to be quite an expert since he secured the management of the Cincinnati Union and has got away from the evil association a ball-player gets in with in New York city, which is enough to wreck the very finest players in the world.

The game was highly interesting, as it admirably contrasted that the spectators were both to leave the ball-field at the close of the match. With such ball-playing as this there is no immediate danger of the Union Association being forced to the wall by the National Agreement clubs. The Union Association will not only be in a flourishing condition in 1862, but for many more seasons to come, as the American people are too much in favor of right and justice to support a monopoly and try to crush out of existence any opposition. The Union Association will live in spite of all its opponents. Subjoined is a full score of as fine a game as anybody could possibly care to see:

Players.	A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
ST. LOUIS.										
Dunlap, 2d b.	4	1	0	0	4	3	0			
Shaffer, r. f.	4	1	1	2	2	0	0			
Bow, a. s.	3	0	1	1	1	1	2			
Lewis, c. f.	3	0	0	0	3	0	0			
Giles, ss. 3d.	3	0	1	1	0	0	0			
Boyle, t. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0			
Sweeney, 2d b.	3	0	1	1	0	0	13	0		
Quincy, 1st b.	3	0	0	0	0	10	0			
Baker, c.	3	0	1	1	0	0	2			
<b>Totals.</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>2</b>			
CINCINNATI.										
Players.	A.	B.	R.	1B.	T.	B.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Gilescock, a. s.	3	0	1	2	1	3	0			
Burns, c.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0			
Brown, t. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0			
Harbridge, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	3	0			
Briley, p.	3	0	0	0	0	1	2			
Crotty, c.	4	0	0	0	0	2	1	0		
Cleveland, 3d b.	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	2		
McQuerry, 1st b.	3	0	1	0	0	0	11	0		
Crane, 2d b.	3	0	1	1	0	0	5	1		
<b>Totals.</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>5</b>			

## Score by Innings.

Clubs.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
St. Louis.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	x-2	
Cincinnati.	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1

Run Earned—St. Louis, 1; Cincinnati, 0. Two-base Hit—Shaffer, 1; Burns, 1. Total Bases on Hits—St. Louis, 6; Cincinnati, 4. Left on Bases—St. Louis, 3; Cincinnati, 2. Struck Out—Sweeney, 2. Double Play—Harbridge, Crane and McQuerry; Crane, Sweeney and McQuerry. Bases on Called Bases—Ball—Off Sweeney, 1; off Briley, 0. Passed Balls—Baker, 0; Crotty, 1. Wild Pitch—None. Time of game, 1h 25m. Um, inc. S. w. 1.

Two Amens lead the country in swinging the ash and finding the ball.

Akron has a full hand, and has retired for the season to play it.

Shaw has turned out to be a wonderful man with Boston Union.

Old Hayseed is proud of the balls on exhibition at Clapp & Lynch's.

Fitzsimons will probably bury his team for good at the close of this season.

Bon Francisco is now looked upon as the very best empire in the baseball arena.

Wainright was headstrong and would get married, and he is now all tied up with a straitened back.

Put. Baker is still holding out with the Nationals, of Washington, like an old war veteran.

The Western League clubs are not drawing even potato-bugs this season, with the exception of Chicago.

The Milwaukees are meeting, with great success in the Union Association, both financially and otherwise.

Crane of the Boston Union, has an idea that he can knock out Battledore's M. record at throwing a baseball.

The Metropolitans are counting on having a large time at their picnic, which is to be held at Harlem River Park.

The Columbus boys caught about fifty dollars a piece out of their benefit game, which nicely keeps them in pig money.

Bio Dan Brothers is again on the shelf, and it is the old, old story. There always is a woman at the bottom of it.

Haze says if she had Plummer's mustache she would never work another stroke, but would spend her time doing Broadway.

Greens and Gantfield avenged the New Yorks Oct. 7 with their melodeons music and put them to sleep to the tune of 5 to 1.

Merritt lost a fortune when he let Mike Mullion slip through his fingers, as he is playing wonderful ball at third for the Clevelandians.

Poor Denby McKnight is sick at heart worrying over his bum Allegheny Club, and he is now about ready to throw up the sponge.

The baseball admirers of this city contemplate giving the New Yorks a grand rotten-egg reception upon their return from the West.

The Metropolitans may possibly be in the field next season, as stranger things than that have happened, but it's dollars to cents that they won't.

Low Stevens is going to take the Athletics South this winter and will remain until spring providing they are not forced to walk home before that time.

Bobby Matthews is pitching just as good ball now as he did twelve or fifteen years ago, when he was looked upon as one of the terror of the country.

Old "Hick" Carpenter's eyes sparkled and danced in his head like a delighted child over a new toy the night Dominick McCaffey polished Charlie Mitchell.

Horace Purwill will try his luck on the road as the advance agent of a theatrical troupe this winter, while the other managers are shoring up for a living.

The sorrow of the National Agreement clubs the Union Association will hold their annual meeting Dec. 18, at St. Louis, when they will about make the fly.

Old Sutton has held out like a drum-major with the stick, in spite of his being old enough to vote in baseball circles, having served his full twenty-one years on the diamond field.

The Boston's have made their calculations, and anticipate making a change in their team next season that will result in the championship pennant landing in Boston after the toils of 1862.

Frank Bancroft is a mere child in Jim Muriel's hands, and if the

Providence manager does not keep his weather eye peeled Muriel will outwit him and make him the laughing-stock of the country.

From general appearance it looks as though the New Yorks did not care whether they got third place or thirty-third place, so long as they got their whisky straight and had a h—- of a good time.

The St. Paul C's, like the Milwaukees, are showing great strength in the Union Association, which does not leave a single weak club, and keeps the public guessing every time two of them come together.

George, Vice-Adm. Ainsworth is accompanied on his present Eastern trip by his guardian angel, which spits such a sharp lookout over him that he'll not get a ghost of a show to do the town when he strucks New York.

The Franklin boys have earned the new suits and overcoats that have been promised to them. It is to be hoped that the garments will be of material that the boys need not be ashamed to wear in the street by daylight.

The Cleveland Am's are wavering already, and have made arrangements to release their players one week before the time set in their contract, in order to cut down expenses by saving a week's salary for the club.

The Chicago Tribune recently called the representative nine of the city an aggregation of "cripples, bums and big-heads." The New York Tribune can't make any remarks about the New York without doing any of the players an injury.

The Mirror of American Sports is bemoaning the very worst type of a League organ, and refers to Pre-rid at Lucas of the Union, as "the silver-tongued chief executive of the pirates and wreckers." The money that Spaulding invested in the Mirror must have been equivalent.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Ir. George Ainsworth has any body he will accept the challenge of the Cincinnati Union; after the present championship season is over, as they offer to play a series of three games for the Ohio State championship, for \$1,000 to \$5,000, with any club in the State, as the Cincinnati Americans Club preferred.

There is a well-known rumor about that Becker has asked the Louisville management for \$2,500 and half interest in the bar privilege for next season's play. This will of course be granted, and at the Executive buildings can be secured they will be known as the tribute to his honesty.—*Louisville Commercial.*

The St. Louis Union will have a thorouh pack to travel next season when they start off on their journey for the championship honours, as the Cincinnati, Boston, Baltimore, Nationals, St. Pauls and Milwaukees have made up their minds to screw them in the pathway of the club which was won with such perfect ease this season.

The Boston Union were surely disappointed when they struck Milwaukee, as they had an idea that outside the St. Louis and Cincinnati Unions, none of the other Union clubs in the West knew much about playing baseball. To their great chagrin, however, the Milwaukees did them up Oct. 6, to the tune of 6 to 2.

Bankroll of the Toledo's, is a great hit, and now has a dozen or more baseball managers on the string, each willing almost to stake his life: that he is the accepted lover in case old gouty Toledo dies. The will all get out here, however, as Toledo will live in spite of the best wishes of their brother members of the American Association.

Hailey Schenck, the shrimp, who is very prone of excuse to make a mistake, was flogging it recently and trying to make a match on a young lady, when she crushed him by saying: "All the gentlemen present have hair on their upper lip, with the exception of the kill." Harry was so badly broken up that he did not drink for the house.

St. Louis, of the Athletic management, tells the Philadelphia and Eastern reporters that members of his team were not under the idea we were here. Oh, no, Sherry, all day; they were only tired. A match held near the open mouth of several of the players would have caused a southern boy such as Cincinnati has never witnessed.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Philadelphians are climbing up the ladder of fame slowly but surely. In 1863 they were beaten in every series. This year, however, they have come out ahead in the Cleveland and Detroit series. Next year Harry Wright will see them on rate them two better, and by 1867 he feels confident that if he has any luck at all he will win the championship of the League.

Bancroft says, with reference to the games between the Mets and the Providence, that he will play for no man's benefit but the poor of the Providence Club. If Muriel wants that kind of charity, and with as hardship as to rules, he will be accommodated with five guineas. Of course Providence will go home and disband before the game.—*Cleveland Herald.*

In St. Louis, Jim Muriel gets up the championship he will take them on a Southern trip this winter. He will start in at Richmond and do all the cities and towns down to New Orleans. While in Florida he will visit Cuba and stay for several weeks. By the time he has completed his arrangements in Texas it will be time for him to return to this city and prepare for the campaign of 1862.

A. T. and others presented each one of the players with a box of cigars when they started off on their present Eastern trip. But he kept his cigar and surrendered that amount of money toward running the club next season it would have made a nice nest-egg for the other citizens of Toledo to commence their subscription to funds to sustain their excellent team another year.

Bancroft over half of St. Louis' great batting is done by the official scion of the Athletic Club, who is a regular Saxon, and can make a base hit for any player of the Athletic nine just whenever he feels like doing so. He has taken a particular fancy for St. Louis, and in nearly every game the Athletics play to means up to the home-plate and makes four or five home-balls for St. Louis.

The Boston Union will make a raid on the Boston League players this fall and will make the champion team look like a badly shattered target. The management of the Boston League Club have not sold their men properly and have ruled with too high a hand to continue in their present prosperity. They are grasping, selfish and haggard, and next season will about be their last.

For some time past there has been a rivalry among the ball-tossers of Oberlin College. The Freshmen had an idea that they could do the best, however, while the Sophomores it was beneath their dignity to compete with what they considered their inferiors. The antagonism raged so rapidly that it resulted in a spiritual game. A. L. when the Sophomores had the extreme pleasure of wiping the earth with the Freshmen to the tune of 22 to 5.

Bio Kelly, the wimp, thought he had a soft soap when he sent his right out to paint Tommy Esteswick's eye black. The tale, however, did not take kindly to the style in which it was being told, so he dispatched his twins to Kelly's vineyard for cures. Kelly evidently was not at home, or he never would have allowed the boys to spli the paint in the wretched manner they did. They were not satisfied with tapping the boy, but they stoned the head of the cast in so badly that it was hardly recognizable, and Kelly was obliged to close his gray shop for temporary repairs.

The Ohio League clubs fought like tigers throughout the entire season, and now since they have finished their schedule they are scrapping over the championship pennant. It is claimed by both the Dayton and the Springfield, and from the score manner in which they are pressing their claims the pennant bids fair to remain in doubt in regard to its master until some time next season. In actual games won and lost the Dayton lead, but the Springfield claims so many games through illegality, forfeiture and disbandment, that they have fairly passed the Dayton.

## Ruffianism in Jersey City.

But a week ago we had to record a brutal outrage committed by a gang of ruffians at Henderson street bridge, Jersey City, when an inoffensive citizen was robbed and brutally murdered. Tough Murphy, the leader of the gang of roughs who have long made that locality a place to be avoided, is now under arrest for that crime; but recent developments show that the old spirit of ruffianism is still alive in that section.

Mrs. Mary McDonald, of Jersey City, whose husband met with an accident some time ago and is in the hospital, found employment with a family residing at No. 63 Mercer street. On Saturday night, Oct. 11, she went to a store to make some purchases. After leaving the store she went to call on friends on Grand street. She started home at about midnight. In passing the corner of Jersey avenue she was seized and gagged by a number of young ruffians, who carried her across the canal and under the bridge, where she was assaulted. She succeeded in removing the gag long enough to scream, and a citizen who heard her notified a policeman. The officer called another to his assistance, but the ruffians escaped, save one, William Cunningham. Mrs. McDonald was found unconscious, and had evidently been treated with brutal violence. Two others of the gang, known to be companions of Cunningham, were subsequently arrested. Sunday two others were arrested. They were arraigned before Judge Steling, and were held, as Mrs. McDonald was unable to appear.

## Dangers of the Track.

The track at Jerome Park is a peculiar, winding one. Its

form can best be described by likening it to that of a pretzel. The club-house stands on a hill which rises between the angle formed in the center of the pretzel. After the horses pass the bluff they disappear from sight for a quarter of a mile. As by making the turns skillfully riders can save lengths upon lengths, there is always a scramble among the jockeys at the turns, and riding becomes positively dangerous. It is a wonder that accidents have not occurred there before. In the third race on Saturday, Oct. 11, there were eight starters—Haledon, Burgomaster, Richard L., Economy, Lucky B., Lida Stanhope, Woodflower and Topsey. Burgomaster and Haledon made the running, but at the far turn, by the club-house, the entire field closed on them. When the horses hove in sight again, to the surprise of everybody, only four horses were running, and after a finish Lida

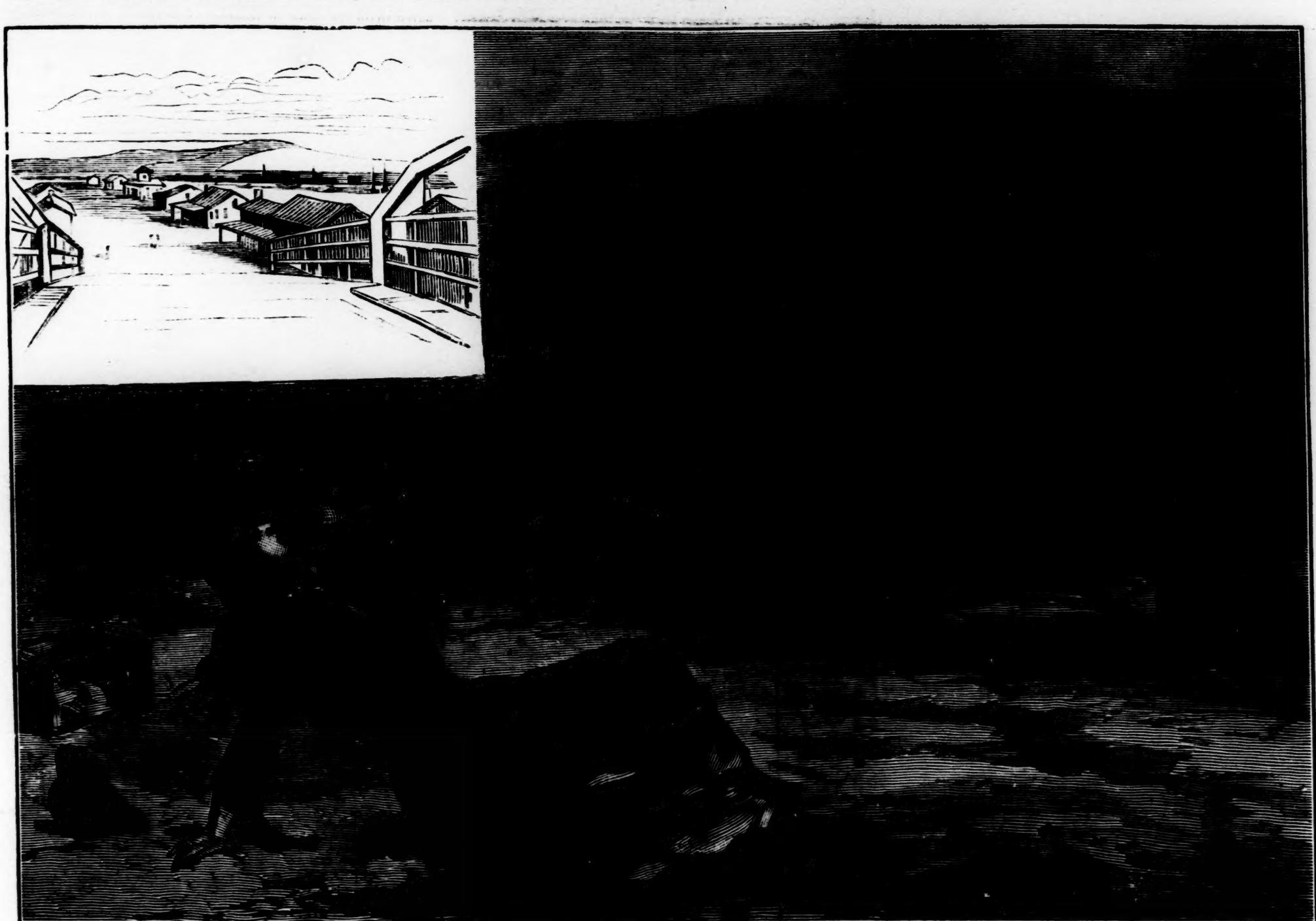
believed they will recover. Mr. George Lorillard's filly, Economy, was removed to the field. Her back was broken and a kindly pistol-ball ended her career.

Jimmy Donohue, the rider of Economy, was the only one who escaped unhurt. According to him the gelding Richard L. was responsible for the whole mischief. On making the turn Rivers dug the spurs into his mount to gain the pole. The gelding, who is a queer-tempered one and runs in a hood and blinkers, swerved into Lucky B., who was next to him. Richard L. went down and in his fall his legs struck Lucky B., who rolled over on him. Economy and Topsey were close behind them and before their jockeys could pull up they fell over them. Donohue was not at all hurt, but rode again in the fifth race, winning cleverly with Wandering.



DANGERS OF THE TRACK.

THE ACCIDENT AT JEROME PARK, ON OCT. 11, BY WHICH GEORGE LORILLARD LOST A VALUABLE FILLY, AND OTHER GOOD HORSES AND PLUCKY JOCKEYS WERE INJURED.



RUFFIANISM IN JERSEY CITY.

THE BRUTAL ASSAULT UPON MRS. MARY MCDONALD BY A GANG THAT HAVE MADE THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF HENDERSON STREET BRIDGE NOTORIOUS, WITH A SKETCH OF THE LOCALITY, BY A SPECIAL "POLICE GAZETTE" ARTIST.

Stanhope won by a head. A few minutes after, Topsey came cantering down the stretch riderless, and not long afterward Richard hove in sight. Policemen and attendants at once hustled over to where the horses had disappeared. Lucky B. had just extricated himself and was walking away slowly; but Economy lay there unable to raise herself, her back being apparently broken. Beside her lay the three jockeys—Garrison, Topsey's rider, Rivers, who had piloted Richard L., and Farley, who had been upon Lucky B., who is owned by, and named after the California bonanza king, E. J. Baldwin. Farley and Garrison were insensible, but little Rivers, a colored lad, was shockingly cut and bruised, and moaned pitifully. After a few moments Garrison recovered consciousness and walked away, apparently only dazed. Farley and Rivers, however, were carried off to their respective stables where medical assistance was rendered them, and it is

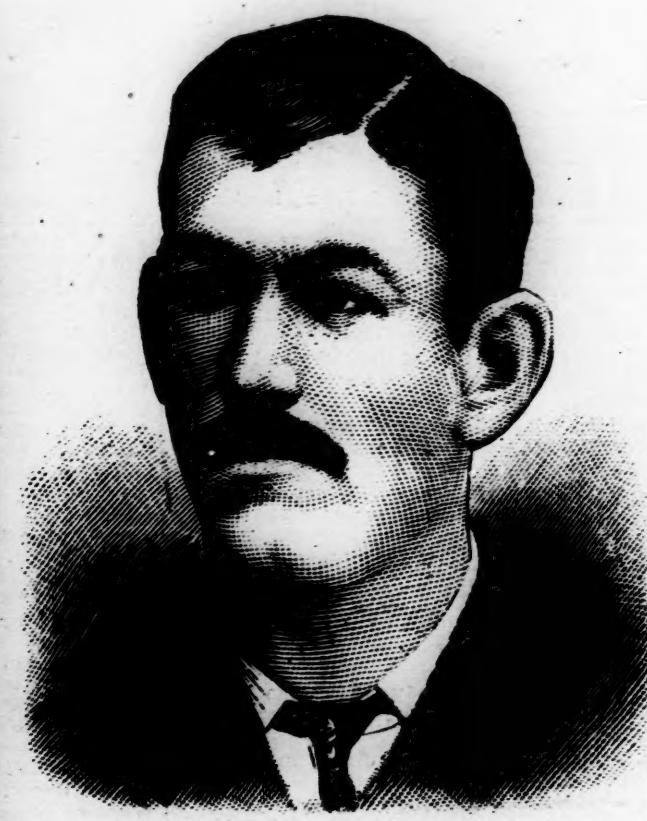
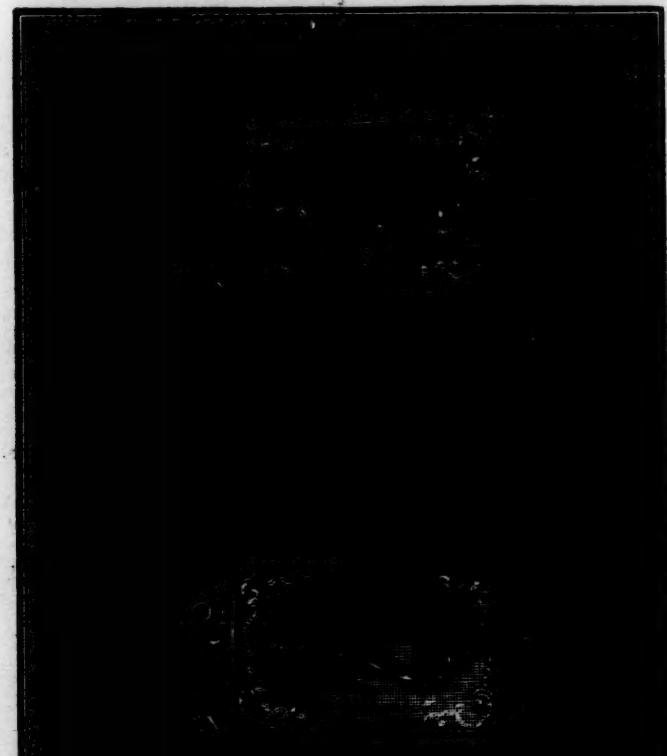
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ALF. GREENFIELD.



JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

## The "Police Gazette" Champion Belt.

We present this week a representation in miniature of the magnificent belt that is offered by Mr. Richard K. Fox to be contended for by the best of the masters of the manly art in the world. In value and artistic excellence it outranks anything of the kind ever manufactured, and will, no doubt, in time become as famous as the cherished relic which so many of the heroes of the ring pluckily fought for in merry England. It will for all time be a certificate of manly valor and physical culture and skill to any fortunate enough to wear it. The belt that the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York, offers for competition for the championship fighters of the world, is well worthy the purpose, and is itself entitled to the name of Champion of the World as a "belt." It is 50 inches long and 8 inches wide, and weighs about 200 ounces in solid silver and gold. The design of this marvelous work of art is entirely different from any prize belt that was ever offered in this country or in Europe, and, in intrinsic value, has never been equaled. The work is laid out by solid silver plates and flexible woven silver chains, fortunately, so that the belt, notwithstanding its great and ponderous weight and size, can be adjusted to the body and worn with ease. The plates are richly ornamented with solid gold figures, and one of these ornaments is so made that a likeness of the winner can be put in a gold frame encircled by a solid gold laurel wreath suspended from the bill of a full-winged eagle. The center of the belt represents a prize ring with two men facing each other in boxing attitude. The whole of this part is solid gold. The men are represented in full ring costume. This prize ring is encircled by diamonds, and the top of it ornamented with a fox's head with diamond eyes.

The following are the rules governing the champion belt:

**RULE 1**—All contests for the "Police Gazette" Diamond Champion Belt shall be fought according to the new rules of the London prize ring.

**RULE 2**—The holder of the trophy will be the recognized champion pugilist of the world, and will be required to defend the trophy against all comers.

**RULE 3**—All matches for the belt shall be for no less a sum than one thousand (\$1,000) dollars a side or upward, at the option of the holder and challenger.

**RULE 4**—The belt shall be subject to challenges from any pugilist in the world, but no challenge will be accepted unless a deposit of \$250 is posted with Richard K. Fox, or at the office of the POLICE GAZETTE.

**RULE 5**—Challenges shall date from the day of their receipt by the stakeholder, and the holder of the belt will be in duty bound to arrange a match with the first challenger.

**RULE 6**—All contests shall take place within four months from the date of receipt of challenge by the stakeholder.

**RULE 7**—The holder of the belt must contend for the belt every four months if challenged, and not more than three times in twelve months.

**RULE 8**—All contests for the belt must be fought in the United States or Canada, and the holder of the trophy will have no power to select the fighting-ground, but will mutually agree with the challenger upon the selection of the place.

**RULE 9**—If the holder of the belt and the challenger cannot agree upon the place of meeting, Richard K. Fox, the stakeholder, will select the fighting-ground.

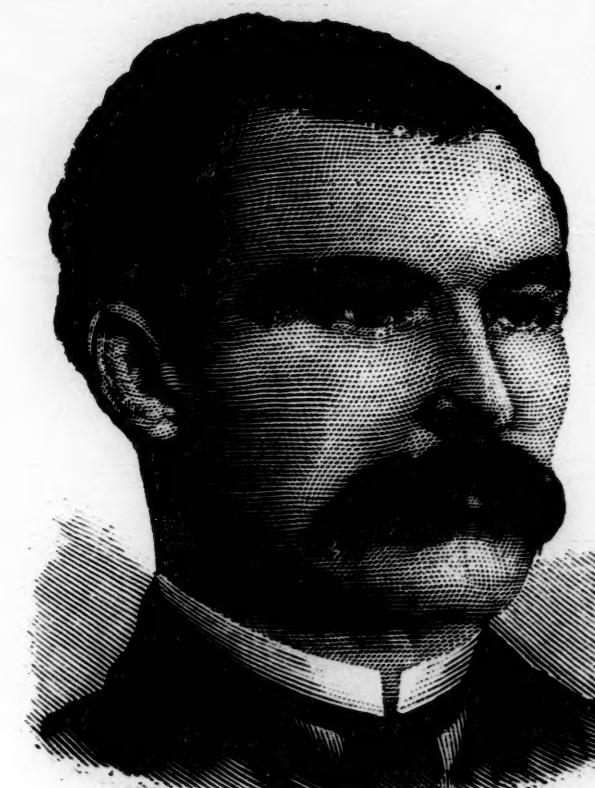
**RULE 10**—The belt shall become the personal property of any pugilist who wins it three times in succession or holds it three years against all comers.

**RULE 11**—The winner or holder of the belt must give satisfactory security for the safe-keeping of the same, and be prompt to return it to the stakeholder when called for.

**RULE 12**—The belt must be delivered to the stakeholder thirty days prior to a contest, and the holder refusing any challenge will forfeit all claims and rights to the trophy.

**RULE 13**—In all contests for the belt Richard K. Fox shall be final stakeholder and act as, or select, the referee.

DR. DILLON, a prominent physician, and William Curry, in sport began throwing water on each other at Harrodsburg, Ky. They quarreled, and Curry struck Dillon on the head, killing him.



JOHN KILRAIN.



JOHN BURKE.

## THE "POLICE GAZETTE" DIAMOND BELT.

FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD, WITH PORTRAITS OF SOME OF THE GOOD AND TRUE MEN WHO WILL PROBABLY CONTEND FOR MR. RICHARD K. FOX'S VALUABLE TROPHY.

(The Belt is Now on Exhibition at This Office.)

## SPORTING NEWS.

*It is intended that this page shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.*

★★ William Edwards and John Meagher are to arrange a 48-hour walking match.

★★ It is reported that Frank Murray, the amateur champion walker, is to turn professional.

★★ Peterson, the well-known oarsman of San Francisco, left New York for the Pacific Slope, on Oct. 9.

★★ The Dixie stakes at the Maryland Jockey Club race meeting were won by Lottin. Louise did not start.

★★ Patrick Duffy, the popular sporting man of New Orleans, has been stopping in this city for the past week.

★★ It is reported that William Sexton is playing great billiards. On a straight rail he recently ran 47.

★★ Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy are boxing every night at Harry Hill's theatre, 26 East Houston street.

★★ Maud S. failed to beat the record at Hartford on Oct. 14, but she trotted a mile in 2:13½, a stiff breeze blowing.

★★ J. L. Malone is ready to play the best of forty-one games at fifteen-ball pool against any player in America for \$500.

★★ George Slosson is organizing an amateur billiard tournament, to be held at Chicago. The prizes will vary from \$50 to \$200.

★★ Lawrence Kip's double team, Birdie C. and Ethel Median, is considered one of the finest driving teams in New York.

★★ George D. Noremac has been backed to walk 51 miles a day for 100 days, the trial to take place in this city within three weeks.

★★ Richard K. Fox returns thanks to Mr. E. Russell, the Birmingham correspondent of the *Sporting Life*, England, for favors received.

★★ Splan has taken up the pacing and running-in business, having driven Minnie R. and Firebrand an exhibition mile in 2:09½.

★★ Prof. John Laflin has gone into training for his match with John L. Sullivan, which is to take place at Madison Square Garden, Monday evening, Nov. 10.

★★ The dog handicap at Doylestown Fair, Oct. 2, was won by J. Cocker's Foxhall, Chambers, Jack second, Webster's Mary Ann third, and Puffer fourth.

★★ William Ta gert, of Philadelphia, is willing to match his four dogs against any 18 pound, 23-pound, 27-pound, or 23 pound dogs in America for \$300 to \$500.

★★ Peter Daryea and Tom Davis are to arrange a grand international six-day heel-and-toe walking match. It will be a grand success if held during Christmas week.

★★ Sporting men in Pittsburgh offer to wager \$1,000 to \$5,000 that John Teemer can allow any oarsman in the world one length start in 5 miles, and they do not bar Hanlan or Beach.

★★ Wm. J. Gage, the genial and popular passenger agent of the New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railroad, familiarly known as the "West Shore Rout," paid us a visit a few days ago.

★★ The English sporting papers are all speaking favorably of Alf. Greenfield's pugilistic ability, and claim that there are more pugilists in America than Alf. Greenfield will defeat than will conquer him.

★★ E. J. Baldwin, the well-known turfman of San Francisco, recently offered J. B. Pryor, Jr., \$3,500 to train his racing stable, and Garrison, the Jockey, \$2,500 to ride. Both offers were refused.

★★ W. A. Catton, of St. Louis, and McLaughlin are matched to play one straight rull game of 1,000 points, at Chicago, on Dec. 17 and 19, 500 points to be played on each of the above dates. The stakes are \$500 a side.

★★ The London *Sporting Life* says Baird, of Newcaile on Tyne, offers to match James Percy to run and row any man of forty-five years and upward, 1 mile, for \$100 to \$2,500. He prefers that Percy shall meet an American.

★★ William Gale, who has walked 6,000 quarter miles in many consecutive periods of 10 minutes each, is living in Cincinnati. He contemplates entering in the proposed six day walking match Peter Duryea and Tom Davis are arranging.

★★ Two lacrosse teams representing the Williamsburgh Athletic Club and the New York University played a match game at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Oct. 11, when the former won in 3 straight goals in 20m, 14m, and 8m.

★★ Articles of agreement have been signed between P. H. Conley, the well-known oarsman of Portland, Me., and John Teemer to row 4 miles at Hulon, Pa., on Oct. 25 for \$500 a side, Conley to be allowed a start of 10s, equal to about 15 fl.

★★ Tom Davis, the backer of Patrick Fitzgerald, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and desired us to state that he is ready to wager from \$50 to \$500 Baine is the next President, and that he will cover any money left with Richard K. Fox.

★★ The *Daily News*, in reference to the decision of the referee in the Mitchell and McCaffrey glove contest, says: "Whether it was fair or unfair, the referee declared that it was the best of his judgment, and he was doing what his conscience dictated."

★★ Messrs. Cavanagh, Mack and Hoffman, the "Police Gazette" trio, are making a great hit. They sang at Charley Norton's opening, at Bridgeport, on Oct. 15, and made a great hit. Their songs are new, and all three of them are first-class singers.

★★ Maurice Vignaux, the famous billiard expert, keeps a *cafe* on the outskirts of Paris. He periodically issues challenge upon challenge to play any billiard-player in the world from 1,000 to 5,000 points, three-ball French carom, for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side.

★★ Patrick Fitzgerald and Charles Rowell have been matched to contend in a six-day go-as-you-please race, which is to take place in Madison Square Garden in March, 1885. The race will be open to any one who desires to enter, and pedestrians will have plenty of time to train.

★★ At Providence, R. I., on Oct. 1, Sullivan played first base for the Providence Wine Club, who played with the New York Wine Club, Providence

winning. A ball struck Sullivan, while he was running to first base, right in the temple; he kept on running and did not mind it.

★★ Charles E. Davies, better known as the parson, of Chicago, is out in a challenge to back Patsy Cardiff, the giant pugilist of Peoria, Ill., against any pugilist in America, to box 4 or 6 rounds, Queenberry rules, the winner to take two-thirds and the loser one-third of the gate money.

★★ Wm. Edwards, the champion long-distance pedestrian of Australia, in reply to the challenge of John Meagher, of Lawrence, Mass., to walk 6 days, 12 hours per day, says: "If Meagher is anxious for a race, I will make a match to walk him 48h for \$1,000 a side, and will meet him or his backers at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match."

★★ In New York city, Oct. 12, a canine controversy was decided between Spot, a white dog weighing 23½ lbs, and Tcm, a trich, scaling 24 lbs. The consideration was \$500. The dogs fought hard for 1h and 40m, when a scratch was made. Tom, who had been badly punished, ran away, and Spot was declared the winner. Tom will probably die.

★★ On Oct. 12, at Mott Haven, there was a 100-yard dash between Malcolm W. Ford, the champion, and W. Cruz Wilmer, the ex-champion, for the club championship. The men were started during the heavy shower, Ford winning by 3' in 10½s. H. M. Johnson, the professional sprinter, then allowed Ford 5 yards' start in 100 yards, and beat him by 1 foot in 10 1½s.

★★ The New York *Daily News*, Oct. 12, says: "Maxey Cobb trotted against time with a running horse, hooked to a sulky, driven in a manner to encourage him. Phyllis trotted in a regular race against Clemmie G., Fanny Witherspoon and Catchfly. Consequently Phyllis' time—2:13½—is a better performance than Maxey Cobb's 2:12½, although the latter time is the fastest ever trotted by a stallion."

★★ On Sept. 20, at Winnipeg, Manitoba, the Winnipeg Rowing Association held its closing regatta. Considerable interest was manifested, and the attendance was large, many ladies being present. There were three events—the Club fours, three-quarters of a mile with a turn; senior fours one mile and a half; turn; and single sculls, club championship. This latter was won easily by S. G. Strickland.

★★ Richard K. Fox says the "Police Gazette" Diamond Champion Belt is valued at \$2,000, and is the most costly trophy ever offered for any pugilist to contend for. It is now open for competition, and any pugilist in the world can claim it, providing he is ready to meet all comers in the 21-foot ring and contend according to London prize ring rules for the championship of the world, which the trophy represents. —*New York Daily News*, Oct. 13.

★★ The following was received at this office:

ALTOONA, PA., Oct. 13, 1881.  
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR:—In answer to Jack Williams' (of Boston) challenge to fight any 112-pound man in the country, I will fight him according to his own challenge, four weeks from signing articles, as my backer has notified me to challenge any man in America at 109 or 110 lbs for \$100 or \$200 a side, and send enclosed \$2 as forfeit to show that we mean business and nothing else.

BILLY JAMES.

★★ The great dog-fight for \$1,000 between Tugman's dog Jing, of Philadelphia, and Sheridan's dog Boner, of Chelsea, Mass., was fought on Oct. 14, at a well known pit on Long Island. Betting was \$100 to \$50 on Jingo. The fight was a desperate one, and the dogs scratched twice. Jingo won, killing Boner in the pit. The fight lasted 42m. About \$1,000 changed hands. Tom Flannigan, of Philadelphia, handled the winner, and John Quinn, of Boston, handled the loser. A noted Boston sporting man was referee. The Boston sporting men left with empty pockets.

★★ August Schmidt, champion wrestler of Germany, and Fritz Gonneuwein, champion of Switzerland, wrestled three falls in Swiss style at Irving Hall, New York, Oct. 8, for a stake of \$300. Gonneuwein stands 6' 4" in height and weighs 270 lbs, and Schmidt stands 5' 9" in height and tipped the scales at 170 lbs. They took waist-holds and struggled and tugged at each other for 13m, neither gaining any advantage. Finally Gonneuwein broke his hold and the fall was given to Schmidt. Gonneuwein claimed that his arm was sprained, and, failing to appear when called for the second bout, the match was awarded to Schmidt.

★★ The Executive Committee of the National Association of Amateur Boxers met at the Gilsey House, New York, on Oct. 11. H. W. Garfield, of Albany, was in the chair, and the following members were present: H. R. Hinckman, Philadelphia; M. A. Mullin, Newark, N. J.; L. H. Houghton, of Boston; W. H. Gibson, of Washington; C. G. Petersen, of New York, and W. R. Turber, of Philadelphia. The action of the committee in refusing the entries of Messrs. Pilkington, Nagle and J. J. Murphy does not affect their status as amateurs. H. W. Garfield and Isaac Houghton were made a committee to investigate the late Murphy-O'Brien race at Boston.

★★ Letters are lying at this office for the following parties: C. M. Anderson, L. Alanzapana, Doc Baggs, Jack Burke, Mr. Calvin, Wm. Daly, Miss Annie Dunscombe, Mike Donovan, Wm. Delaney, Frank Downey, Harry Dobson, Chas. E. Eldred, Dick Garvin, J. W. Grahame, E. Gates (2), Thos. King (2), Geo. W. Lee, Miss Agnes Leonard, Wm. Mulligan (3), Michael McCarthy, John Mackay, Manager F. C. B. Club, of Philadelphia, Chas. McDonald, Wm. Mantell, B. O. Oshin, Chas. Pridgett, Hugh Robinson (3), John Roanon (2), Wallace Ross, Wm. Stoops, Miss Katie Stokes, Mile. St. Quentin, Frank Relifield, Capt. Matthew Webb, Clarence Whistler, Harry Woodson, Walter Watson, Johnny Carman, Andre Christol, Harry Jennings, Dominick McCaffrey, Eph. Morris, H. Vaughan, pedestrian, Tom Davis.

★★ The eighth of the series of Qualification and Marksman's Class Badge matches was shot at Creedmoor, L. I., on Oct. 11, and a large number of National Guardsmen availed themselves of the opportunity to win their marksman's badges for the year 1884, and also to win the silver medals given by the National Rifle Association, ten being offered in each match. The winners in the Qualification match were: H. O. Fredericks, N. R. A.; James McNevin, Thirteenth regiment, 47; John S. Shepperd, Twenty-third, 47; Thos. J. Dolan, Twelfth, 46; F. A. Wells, Twenty-third, 48. The prizes were 60 per cent. of the entrance fees. The scores in the Marksman's Badge match were very good, the winners being W. W. De Forest, Twelfth regiment, 42; H. J. Rice, Twenty-third, 41; H. L. Brining, N. R. A., 41; J. W. Hale, Seventh, 41; A. M. Prentiss, Seventh, 40; M. C. Butt, Seventh, 40; M. D. Ward, Ninth, 39; W. H. Palmer, Seventh, 39; T. W. Silcock, Twenty-third, 38; W. N. Bavier, Twenty-second, 38.

★★ On Oct. 14 Arthur Chambers, the noted pugilist and sporting man of the Champions' Rest, played first base for the Providence Wine Club, who played with the New York Wine Club, Providence

Philadelphia, forwarded a deposit of \$250 to Richard K. Fox, with the following sweeping challenge:

CHAMPIONS' REST, 922 RIDGE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 11, 1884.

Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR:—Having heard that Clarence Whistler is ready to wrestle a man in the world catch-as-catch-can for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world, please publish the following: I will match Jo Acton, the Little Demon, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world, to wrestle Clarence Whistler, catch-as-catch-can, best 2 in 3 falls, for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. I will allow Wm. Edwards \$250 for expenses to wrestle in New York or Philadelphia, or Acton shall wrestle in San Francisco, if Whistler will allow \$250 for expenses. I have posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder, and if Whistler means business he will forward articles of agreement and cover my money. If Whistler will not arrange a match, I will match Acton to wrestle Pietro Delmas, or any wrestler in the world.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

The \$250 Chambers has posted proves that he means to jinxes, and if Whistler and his backers are in earnest and eager to arrange a match they will have no trouble in doing so.

★★ The following is a list of sporting men who called at this office for the past week: Mr. Miller; Mr. Brotherton, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Dominick McCaffrey and brother, Patrick Sheehan, Tuos, Taylor, Tom Davis, Chas. Higginson; Mr. Tupper, *Morning Journal*; Wm. J. Gage, Passenger Agent, West Shore Route; Ben Hogan; Dan Mara, P. F. Butler, Hartford, Conn.; Frank Stevens; Prof. Clark, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ed. Pidgeon, *Brooklyn Eagle*; Joe Denning, Mr. Hunter; C. A. Corbin, Mexico; David F. Maloney, Pittsburgh; Barney Boyle, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. F. Emery, Joe Fowler, Chas. Mitchell; Ch. Huques, French wrestler; Chas. K. Foster, Pat Sheeley, Ned Mallahan, Harry Webb, Al. Marks, Gus Tuthill, Tom Eulrey, Boston, Mass.; Dr. Thomas, Arthur Chambers; Thos. J. Ryan, Club theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Joe Acton, Capt. Emery, Chas. Shields; D. P. Stoner, of Frank A. Robbins' Circus; Hamada Kirokichi; E. Holbrook, G. L. Smith, Boston, Mass.; Billy O'Brien, Jimmy Kelly, T. S. Feltwood, sporting editor *Leader*, Pittsburgh, Pa.; S. F. Burgoyne, E. R. Brown, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.; Joseph Baur, St. Augustine, Fla.; James Ryan, Andy Hanley, John Homestead, Dan O'Neal, Irish picolist, Philadelphia, Pa.; James Ray, Washington, D. C.; John R. Horn, El. B. McGinn, Geo. Schaefer, Fred. Bender, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. W. Lewis, Mahanoy City, Pa.; Billy Watson, Harry Schrader, London, Eng.; Norman W. Anderson, John Gorman, Peter F. Clauson, Chas. Bennett Wm. Brackett, Robert Mackay, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Wm. Mackay, Jas. Mackay, Chas. Engel, Jersey City, N. J.; George Smith, Fred. Lind, Edward Purser; George Anderson, J. H. Simpson, Joseph Perez, Thomas Ayers, John Sinclair, James Wells, Chas. Van Nostrand, Matsuda Sorakichi.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Ailments, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using it. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming the paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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## TALES OF A TOUGH.

THE DISORDERLY, VIOUS AND GENERALLY REPREHENSIBLE DAILY ROUND OF A NEW YORK ROUGH.

I.—Laying Out a "Copper." II.—The Gang on the Corner. III.—Paralyzing a Picnic. IV.—"Bussing the Beak." V.—The Midnight Chime.